

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 957

MARCH 31, 1888

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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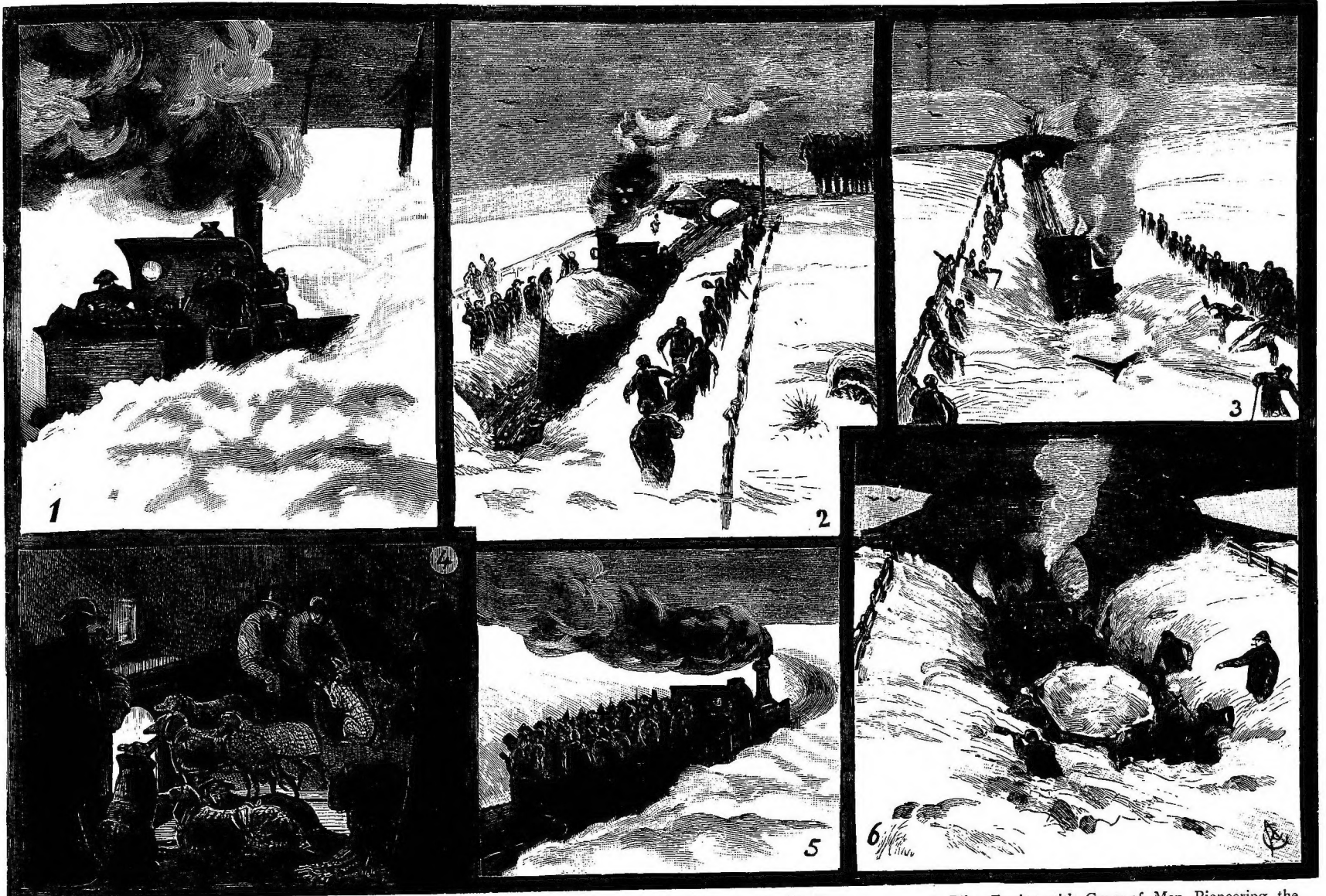
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



1. Snow-Plough Running through a Snow-Drift
2. Snow-Plough having another Run to try and Force the Drift

3. Snow-Plough Clearing the Drift after the Workmen have lightened it
4. Some distinguished Scotch Travellers from the "Flying Scotchman" in the Waiting-Room at Morpeth

5. Pilot Engine with Gang of Men Pioneering the Line
6. Digging the Snow-Plough out of the Snow-Drift

THE RECENT HEAVY SNOW-STORM IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND
SCENES NEAR MORPETH, NORTHUMBERLAND



EASTER SERVICES IN SOUTH RUSSIA—KISSING THE BODY OF CHRIST

Topics of the Week

MR. GOSCHEN'S BUDGET.—No one can complain that Mr. Goschen has brought forward a humdrum Budget. In fact, he could not well have done so, under the circumstances of the case. Ordinarily, when there is a surplus of revenue over expenditure, the Chancellor of the Exchequer lops off some items of taxation, and thus establishes an equilibrium, without attempting anything further. But Mr. Goschen was constrained to attempt a far more complicated and more ambitious task. His apparent surplus is devoured by the needs of the County Government Bill, which hands over to local bodies a large portion of Imperial revenue. Roughly speaking, the accounts show a surplus of 2,400,000*l.*, and the Imperial Budget grants in aid (amounting to 2,600,000*l.*) are in future to be withdrawn. But, on the other hand, Mr. Goschen proposes to make a gift to the local authorities of about 3,000,000*l.* over and above what has been taken from them in the shape of grants. He surrenders to them certain existing and new licence duties, half the Probate Duty, and a portion of the Succession Duty. To provide the sum thus required, the Succession Duty is to be raised from one to one-and-a-half per cent., heavy vehicles are to pay a pound a year, and also a wheel-tax, which latter impost, but not the former, will be levied on all other vehicles except those which are liable to the existing carriage duty. Farmers' carts are to be exempted, and the existing carriage tax is to be modified, so as to bear less hardly on persons of moderate income. Pleasure horses are to pay a tax of 1*l.*, and race-horses 5*l.*, but trade horses are to be exempt. These taxes will bring in a sum, Mr. Goschen estimates, of about 2,000,000*l.*; and the whole of this money will go to the County Councils,—none of it will replenish the Imperial Exchequer. But Mr. Goschen is also desirous to relieve the income-tax payer, by lowering his share of the national burden from 7*d.* to 6*d.* This means a loss to the revenue of 1,500,000*l.* He proposes to recoup himself by a series of ingenious expedients—by a stamp duty of a shilling per cent. on the nominal value of all securities to bearer, which at present escape all payment to the State on transfer; by an increased impost on brokers' contract notes; by an *ad valorem* stamp duty on the capital of new limited liability companies; and by a tax on champagnes and the higher class of bottled wines. Some of these proposed changes will doubtless provoke controversy, but they seem on the whole to be based on right and justice, inasmuch as they tend to relieve the industrious and hardworking classes, shifting the burden on to persons who can well afford to pay.

THE GOVERNMENT'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.—In several ways the Government have decidedly improved their position since the opening of the Session. They have benefited largely by the impression produced by Mr. Ritchie's Bill. The more closely that elaborate measure is examined the more it is liked. Some extravagant Tories still growl over it, but it has the cordial approval of the mass of the Conservative party, and the Liberal Unionists are, of course, delighted that their influence was strong enough to induce the Cabinet to produce so bold a scheme. The Gladstonians will oppose only details of the Bill, so there is a good prospect of a really great reform being effected before the prorogation of Parliament. Mr. Goschen has also done much to strengthen the Government. His conversion scheme has been received with universal applause, and on Monday he introduced the Budget with a speech which was admitted, even by his opponents, to be a masterly financial statement. If Ireland could be left out of account, Ministers might enjoy their Easter holiday with easy minds, for with regard to other matters they have never stood so well with the country as they do now. Unfortunately, Ireland cannot be left out of account; every one knows that its position is as far as possible from being satisfactory. Mr. Balfour has indeed to some extent succeeded in restoring order, but the English people are by no means enthusiastic about the methods by which the object has been attained. Then it is impossible to overlook the warnings of Mr. T. W. Russell, who feels convinced that serious troubles are ahead in connection with the Land Question. Mr. Chamberlain may be right in thinking that there will be few evictions, but if Mr. Russell's anticipations prove to be correct, it is certain that the Unionists will find it hard to gain new adherents, or to retain the support of all who at present follow them. The evictions at Bodyke created a strong reaction in many constituencies in Mr. Gladstone's favour, and a repetition of such scenes would undoubtedly be attended by like results. It is greatly to be regretted that the Government did not see their way, at the beginning of the Session, to deal in some thorough manner with the Irish Land Question. Could they solve that problem, and establish in Ireland, as in England, a just system of local government, they would be as powerful a Ministry as any that the country has seen in the lifetime of the present generation.

LORD DUFFERIN'S ACHIEVEMENTS.—The complete success of the Sikkim expedition, without any bloodshed, falsifies the predictions of the Bengali Press that it would involve as much expense and loss of life as the annexation of Upper Burma. In his valedictory speech at Calcutta, Lord Dufferin

made a very sufficient *apologia* for adding the dominions of the besotted Thee Baw to the Indian Empire. His reasons may be compressed into four words—annexation had become necessary. That is a plea in the East which all who seek to rule are bound to recognise. The moment it presented itself to Lord Dufferin, he took action, and only made one mistake—that of endeavouring to do great work with small means. He now admits this error of judgment, and excuses it on the ground that the anarchic condition of the country surpassed the worst anticipations. There was no real central authority either at Mandalay or elsewhere, so that when our troops took possession of the capital they became masters of merely the ground they stood upon. All this is, no doubt, perfectly true, but might not the Indian Government have obtained some idea of the state of affairs before the expedition started? It is quite clear that their conception was of a country ruled by a despot with the strong hand, and they consequently assumed that, if he were once dethroned and deported, the people would gladly settle down under British rule. We now know that our work only really began after this amount of success had been achieved, and for that work, three or four times the number of troops sufficient for the capture of Mandalay were required. Lord Dufferin's defence of this wretched bungling clears his own reputation, but it certainly tends to strengthen the suspicion that the Indian Intelligence Department is very far from being perfect. The Viceroy showed a better record in the matter of Afghanistan. Here, again, the plea of necessity is put in for advancing our frontier to the Khoja Amran; the territorial extension could not be avoided unless we were prepared to see the country become a second Bokhara.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.—General Boulanger continues the prominent figure of the day, nor is his compulsory retirement from the Army likely to render him as powerless as his adversaries hoped. Even at Marseilles, although the electors knew he was ineligible, nine hundred votes were recorded in his favour; while in the Aisne he headed the poll with forty-five thousand votes. A second ballot, however, must decide whether he will be returned to the Chamber. By way of minimising the significance of such phenomena as the continued popularity of General Boulanger and the triumphant election of Félix Pyat—one of the least estimable of the 1871 Communists—it is easy to say that Marseilles and the Aisne are both exceptional localities, that the men of the South are always in extremes, either Ultra-Royalist or Ultra-Republican; and that the Departments on the eastern and north-eastern frontier are traditionally wedded to Cæsarism; the fact remains that two men have a large popular following who, although hostile to each other, are both hostile to the Republic as now constituted. There are several other subjects this week in France interesting to the world generally. The quashing of the severe sentence pronounced against M. Wilson will probably tend all the more to consign him to political insignificance. The Chamber have accepted the principle of a Lottery Loan for the Panama Canal. This does not mean that the Bill will certainly pass, but M. de Lesseps is personally so popular, and so much money has already been sunk in his enterprise that the Government evidently fear to put their veto on a plan for raising further supplies. Lastly, both England and Australia may rejoice that the French have evacuated the New Hebrides, and removed their troops to Noumea. This change of front is probably not altogether due to the imposing attitude assumed by the British Lion or the Australian Kangaroo. It is more likely, as we pointed out months ago, that practical knowledge of the locality has shown the French that it is not worth while annoying other nations for the sake of a barren and malarious group of islands.

AN IRISH EXHIBITION.—All who care for Ireland must have been interested to learn that an Irish Exhibition is to be held in London from June 4th next to October 27th. A most interesting Exhibition it ought to be, and no doubt will be. Ireland, as her splendid antiquities show, was at one time a country in which great attention was devoted to Art, and in which many different classes of craftsmen attained a high level of artistic excellence. That the aptitude for such achievements has by no means died out in Ireland will certainly be brought home to the minds of Englishmen by many products shown at the Exhibition. In the industrial arts Ulster will, of course, easily take the first place, but in all that relates to the dairy industry there should be good exhibits from many other parts of the country. We may expect to find a considerable number of objects that will testify to the value of the admirable cottage industries which Mrs. Ernest Hart has done so much to promote. One of the most promising facts in connection with the Exhibition is that it has nothing whatever to do with politics. Among the patrons are Whigs, Tories, Radicals, Unionists, and Home Rulers. For once, therefore, we shall be able to study Irish interests which are universally admitted to be common ground for men of every shade of opinion; and the result, we may hope, will be that persons of enterprise in Ireland will be encouraged to search for new outlets for their energy. What the Irish people need is that a fair proportion of them shall be delivered from the necessity of looking to agriculture as their only means of living. If they had shared in the industrial development that has made England a wealthy country, we should probably have heard little about Home Rule, and Coercion Acts would have been unnecessary.

MARITIME DEFENCE.—The controversy between Mr. Forwood and Lord Charles Beresford was fated, sooner or later, to descend to the old sterile question of whether this or that class of ironclad should be included in an available fighting force. It is satisfactory to find, after all the gloomy talk about Britannia's decrepitude, that, even by the alarmists' admission, our fleet could give a good account of those of France and Russia combined. Where our real weakness lies is not in the number or the fighting capacity of our battle-ships, but in the defenceless condition of our gigantic mercantile marine. This now numbers some 8,000 vessels, the majority trading to all parts of the world; and, were war to break out with any maritime Power, this vast commerce would either have to be suspended or carried on at terrible risk. What is to be done, then, to render the enemy's *Alabamas* innocuous? Lord Charles Beresford suggests the appointment of a mixed Committee of naval officers, mercantile marine officers, ship-owners, and representatives of marine insurance, "to inquire into and formulate some scheme by which the Mercantile Marine and the Royal Navy could give each other mutual assistance in time of war." The idea is excellent in itself, but one patent defect would need to be remedied. Who would represent the British taxpayer on the Committee? The naval captains, the merchant skippers, the ship-owners, and the insurance agents would naturally be all in favour of securing safety at any cost. Their interests are on that side; any increase of taxation which fell upon their shoulders would be a mere trifle in comparison with the amount of security they would obtain. But taxpayers at large would feel the additional burden acutely, without receiving any appreciable compensation. It is on this financial rock that professional naval experts always strike. Their governing idea is that John Bull should lug out a few more millions for the Naval Estimates; and, when he demurs, they conjure up awful bogeys to frighten him into submission.

NEW VIEWS ON EDUCATION.—It is a good sign that those who are responsible for the instruction of the masses are beginning to take a more sensible view of the meaning of that much-abused word Education than was the case, say in 1870, when the present School Board system was established. At that time the prevailing idea was that education meant book-learning, pure and simple; and it was confidently believed that if the untaught children of the poor could only be got into schools, and as much information pumped into their brains as the said brains would carry, their social regeneration would be accomplished. The Special Committee of the London School Board, which has just issued a very exhaustive and valuable report, speaks in a far less confident tone as to the advantage of mere intellectual acquirements than was in vogue when School Board training was a novelty. "A great part of the benefits of education are moral benefits." "Fearless truth, bravery, honour, activity, manly skill, temperance, hardihood, are objects of national education. It is difficult to exaggerate the benefits accruing to children, especially those coming from neglected and ill-regulated homes by attendance at well-regulated and well-furnished schools, where lessons of order, obedience, cleanliness, courtesy, and truth are daily taught. But does the present system produce such harmonious development of all the children's faculties, bodily and mental, that they leave school fitted, as far as possible, for the battle of life?" No, answer the Committee, sadly. "The physical, or bodily, side of education is almost entirely neglected, while the mental, or brain-work, is composed far too much of appeals to the memory only. Instead of the child's intelligence being cultivated, it merely retains a mass of undigested facts. Then there is no education of those particular faculties which are of the utmost importance to industrial life, the faculty of accurate work, and the faculty of dealing with things instead of words." These are not our observations, but are taken almost *verbatim* from the Report of the Special Committee. We may therefore reasonably hope that by degrees what is called Education will be placed on a basis of practical common sense. As it is, the Committee's recommendations suggest a return to the methods of the ancient Persians, who, according to Herodotus, taught their boys to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak the truth.

HOMES OF REST FOR HORSES.—We have already called attention to the admirable work done by the Society for Providing Homes of Rest for Horses. The Society will hold its annual meeting at Willis's Rooms, on April 16th, and we may hope that its claims to support will receive from the public the attention they deserve. We hear much in these days about the labourer being worthy of his hire. The doctrine is excellent, but why should it not be applied to animals as well as to men? Many of them do splendid service to humanity, and, if they had their due, would be rewarded with constant consideration and kindness. Horses, above all, could they be endowed with the faculty of speech, would be able to make out a magnificent case for better treatment than they generally receive. No doubt the horses of rich men—at all events as long as they are fresh and vigorous—have all that even a Houyhnhnm could have asked for; but the horses of the poor, or the comparatively poor, have a very different experience. Thanks in part to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in part to the growth of a humane feeling, animals of all kinds are less exposed to wanton injury in England than in any other

country in Europe. Nevertheless, one has only to keep one's eyes open in walking along the streets to see large numbers of unfortunate horses which, from sheer overwork, are urgently in need of a holiday. It is to provide for horses in this condition a period of rest, during which they shall be properly cared for, that the Society which is to meet in Willis's Rooms exists. The Society has already done much excellent service, and, if handsomely supported, might do a great deal more. One result of its activity is that cabmen are stimulated to get horses of their own. This is good both for the horses and for the cabmen, and in the end it is good for the public also. If a wise and energetic appeal is made on behalf of the Society, there can be little doubt that it will meet with a prompt and generous response.

PENNY BANKS AND SAVINGS BANKS.—The late senseless "run" on the National Penny Savings Bank has fortunately passed over without doing much harm. If, however, the institution had been less powerfully backed, it might have collapsed, and caused as widespread misery as the Cardiff Savings Bank catastrophe did. The weak point in these concerns is that, as a rule, trustees are appointed more for the influence of their names than in any expectation of their exercising genuine personal control in the business. Consequently, the management gradually slips into the hands of the actuary or some other paid official, and, if he be dishonest, it is the easiest thing in the world for him to throw dust in the eyes of the trustees. At last comes the crash, and then too late the unhappy depositors make discovery that it is impossible to recover their vanished money either from the trustees or from any one else. Recognising the evils attendant on this loose state of things, Sir Bernhard Samuelson has resigned office as trustee of the Banbury Savings Bank. Not that he had any objection to this particular concern, but he rightly considers that when, as in his case, a trustee is merely a decoy duck, and takes little or no part in the management, the position is neither honourable to himself nor beneficial to the depositors. It was different before the Post Office Savings Banks came into existence; decoy ducks then had their use, to give an air of stability to institutions intended to encourage working-class thrift. But the State now undertakes that portion of the national education, and the trustee banks have, therefore, lost their original *raison d'être*. Nor would it be much of a loss to the community were they to gradually die out. One never hears of "runs" on Post Office banks, or of their depositors having to be content with a few shillings in the pound after waiting for years. They pay, too, very nearly as much interest as the trustee banks, and, with certain modifications, they might take over the latter's business without any appreciable inconvenience or loss either to the depositors or the State.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—This offence possesses such vague terrors for the lay mind, especially after the punishment inflicted on the editor of the *St. Stephen's Review* for his remarks on the case of "Peters v. Bradlaugh," that we are glad to find Mr. Justice Stephen laying down the rule that it is a power which ought to be very sparingly exercised. "It should be used," he said, "almost entirely with reference to the interests of justice, and the Court must be satisfied that there had been something to interfere with the course of justice." The case which elicited these important observations was one in which, although the Judge had summed up strongly in favour of the defendant, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, giving forty shillings damages. Thereupon the defendant, feeling not unnaturally aggrieved, and being a newspaper proprietor, inserted a strongly-worded article in his journal, warmly complimenting the Judge and speaking bitterly of the decision of the jury. It was sought to prove that by publishing this article the defendant had committed a contempt of Court, especially as there was likely to be a second trial. The Judges, however, held (and we venture to think with good sense) that, the suit being over, comments on the trial were perfectly allowable; and that, if a man were bound to wait till some ulterior proceedings had been decided, he might wait for years—in fact, until the public had entirely forgotten the matter at issue. We are especially glad at this decision; for, as the law of libel stands, newspaper proprietors find it very difficult to speak the truth boldly without imminent risk to their pockets; and, if they were also in constant danger of committing contempt of Court, they would be afraid to make any comments on any trial whatever.

SCIENCE AT WOOLWICH.—Sir Henry Roscoe and Sir Lyon Playfair deserve the thanks of all who are interested in education for the energy with which they have protested in the House of Commons against the new regulations for the entrance examinations at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. These regulations, if permanently enforced, would put students of experimental science at a serious disadvantage as compared with students of language and literature. The result would be that the door of a strictly scientific profession would be opened to men of whom it would be impossible to say whether they had an aptitude for science or not. And this, although bad enough, would not be the only evil result of the new regulations. At all the great public schools it has hitherto been necessary to provide scientific training for boys who intended to prepare for Woolwich. Thus, a certain impetus has been given to the

cause of scientific education all over the country. If entrance to the Royal Military Academy could be secured without previous scientific study, we may be sure that the subject would not receive nearly so much attention as is now devoted to it. This would be a grave misfortune, for one of the most urgent educational needs of our time is that the study of language and literature shall be more closely associated with study of the facts and laws of Nature. The excuse given for the issue of the new regulations was that they would discourage cram, but if a real and intelligent knowledge of experimental science were required, cram would be simply impossible. Mr. Stanhope has had the good sense to promise to take counsel with men of science about the matter, and we may hope that he will soon rectify a mistake for which he is, of course, only nominally responsible.

THE LIFEBOAT SERVICE.—The exceptionally robust cheering which always greets the lifeboat in the Lord Mayor's procession shows that Londoners, at all events, thoroughly appreciate the splendid services rendered to humanity by these unlovely craft. Nor is the feeling confined to the metropolis; all English folk are proud of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and its glorious record of work. At the recent annual meeting, the Secretary stated that, since its foundation, it has saved thirty-three thousand two hundred and forty-three lives from shipwrecks on our coasts. A whole army corps! To destroy one is considered a brilliant feat of war; how much praise, then, does not an institution deserve which has rescued that amount of human life from dreadful death? Last year's chronicle takes credit for three hundred and sixty-eight drowning people saved by the boats of the Institution, and for two hundred and four others who were rescued by shore-boats and other means at the expense of the Institution, making a total of five hundred and seventy-two. In addition, ten ships that had signals of distress flying were brought safely into port, a work of beneficence which, in money-value alone, probably more than equalled the total expenditure of the Institution last year. This mounted up to 74,162*l.*, owing to the replacement of obsolete boats by new ones of improved and safer construction, a policy which, as the Duke of Northumberland remarked, will be sure to receive public approval. But to enable the process of exchanging old boats for new to be carried out to completion, larger funds are needed. The past year's expenditure was some 17,000*l.* in excess of the income, and during the current twelve months, not only should this deficit be wiped off, but a revenue be raised of much larger amount than heretofore. It might be worth thinking over, should funds fall short, whether a "Lifeboat Sunday" could not be started as an annual fixture at mid-winter, "when the stormy winds do blow." By holding it at that season, it would not clash with either Hospital Sunday or Hospital Saturday, which always take place during summer.

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 21st JULY for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.
 11th AUGUST for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.
 30th AUGUST for 30 days' cruise to the BALTIC.
 About 1st NOVEMBER Next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD. For Particulars apply to MANAGER, Steam Yacht "VICTORIA," Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.—By the LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be available for an extended time.
 The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside on Saturday, March 31st, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 1, 2, 3, and 4.
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on March 29th and 31st (First, Second, and Third Class).
EXTRA TRAINS FROM BRIGHTON.—On TUESDAY, April 3rd, 7.30 a.m., for London Bridge and Victoria (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
EXTRA TRAIN FROM ISLE OF WIGHT.—On TUESDAY, April 3rd, from Ventnor 6.30 a.m., calling at Shanklin and Sandown, and connecting with a Boat from Ryde, 7.15 a.m., and joining 8.10 a.m. Fast Train Portsmouth to London (1st, 2nd, and 3rd).

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 1*s.*

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL
CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY. March 31st, from Victoria, 2.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon.
 Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.10 p.m. Train. Fare 5*s.*

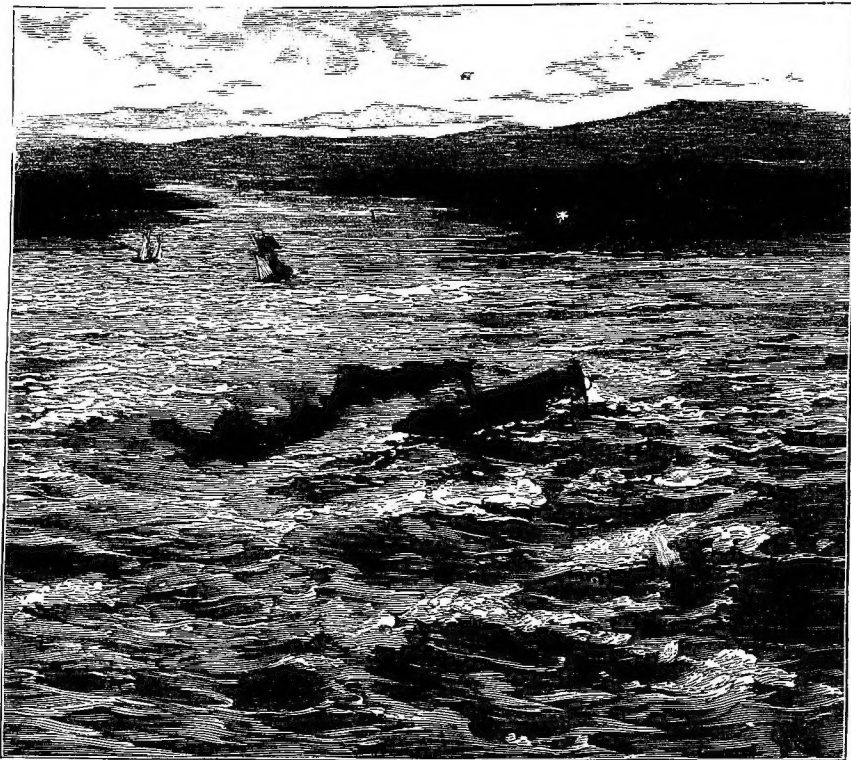
PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY. March 31st, from Victoria 1.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 12.45 p.m., from London Bridge 2.40 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, and Hastings.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT EASTBOURNE.—EASTER MONDAY.—A Special Fast Train to Eastbourne at Ordinary Fares, will leave Victoria, 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; London Bridge, 8.0 a.m., calling at Croydon (First, Second, and Third Class).
 Special Trains to Eastbourne will also be run from Brighton, Hastings, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate Stations (First, Second, and Third Class).

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Bills to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Luggage Circus Office.
 (By Order) A. SARILE, Secretary and General Manager.



THE BAR AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER, LOOKING TOWARDS TUXPAN FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO



VIEW OF THE CITY OF TUXPAN FROM OBSERVATORY HILL, LOOKING WEST

Adam Lindsay Gordon

THE CITY OF TUXPAN, A RISING PORT OF MEXICO

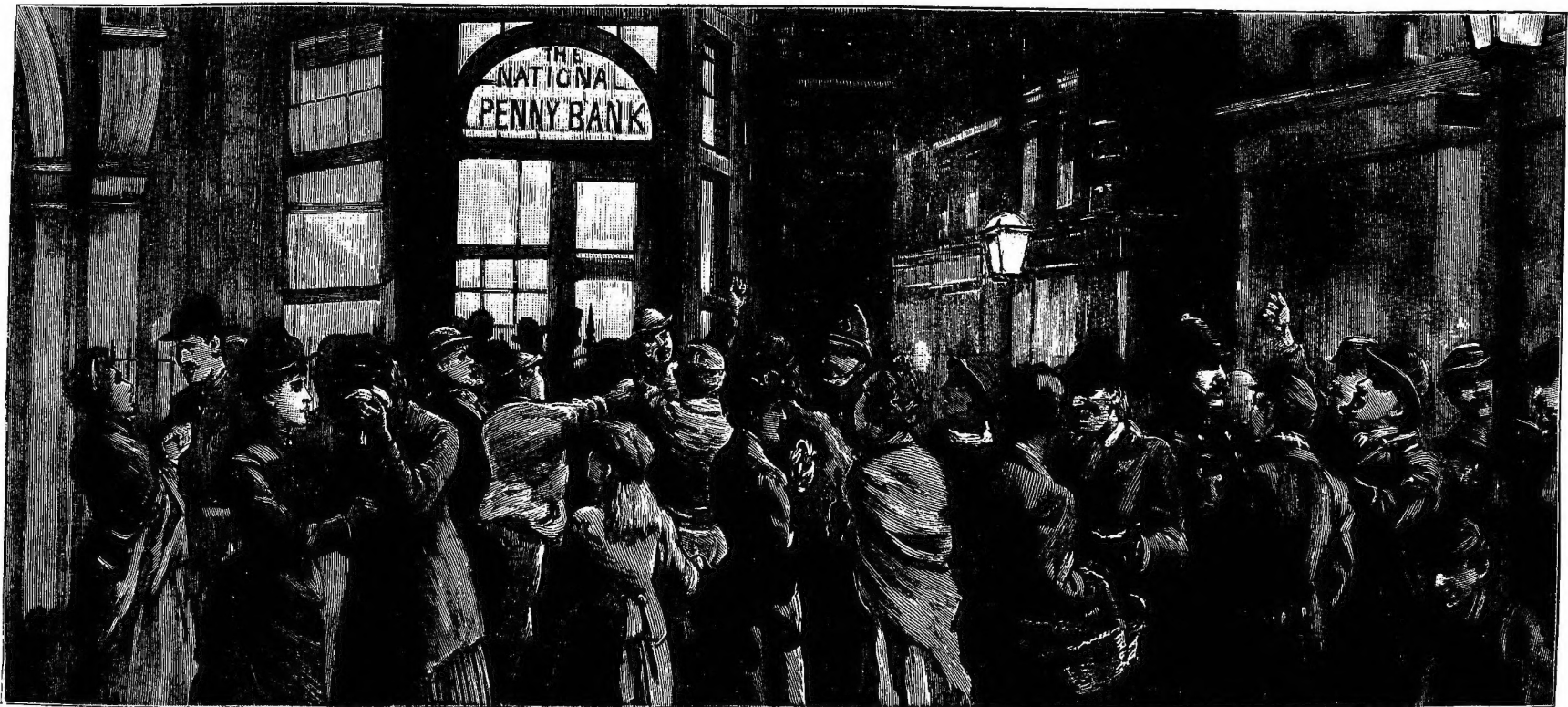


GORDON'S TOMB

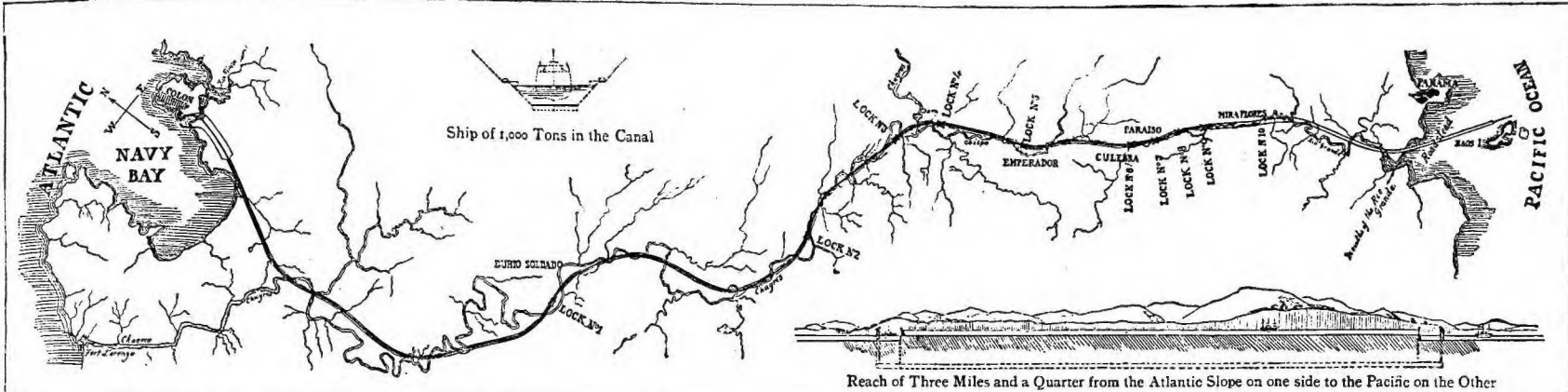


FACSIMILE OF A HUNTING-SKETCH BY GORDON, INTRODUCING HIS OWN PORTRAIT

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON, THE AUSTRALIAN POET

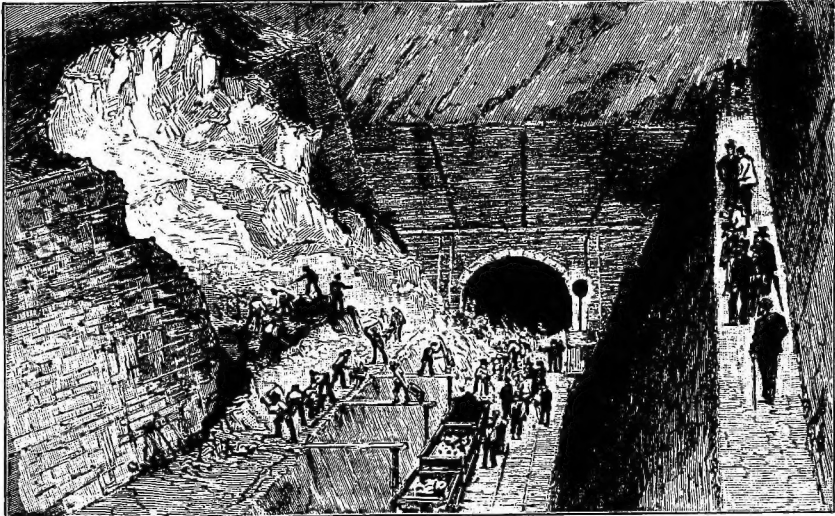
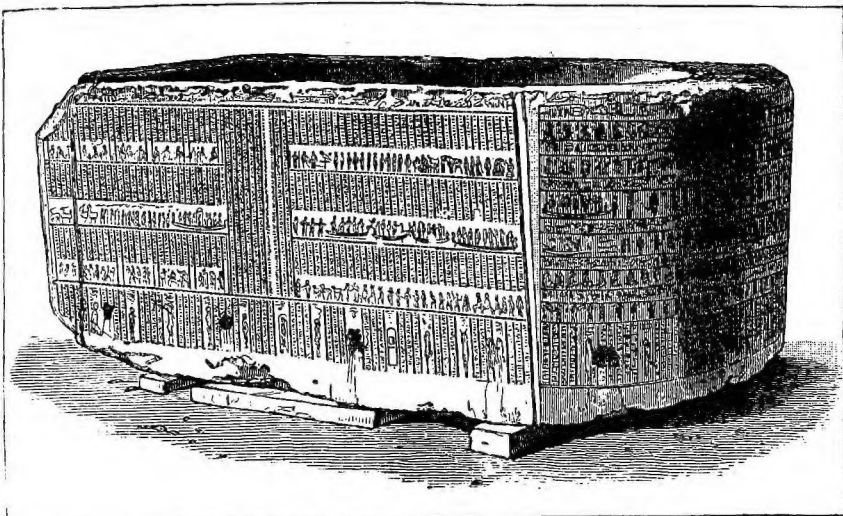


THE RUN ON THE NATIONAL PENNY BANK, STRUTTON GROUND, WESTMINSTER
DEPOSITORS CLAIMING THEIR MONEY



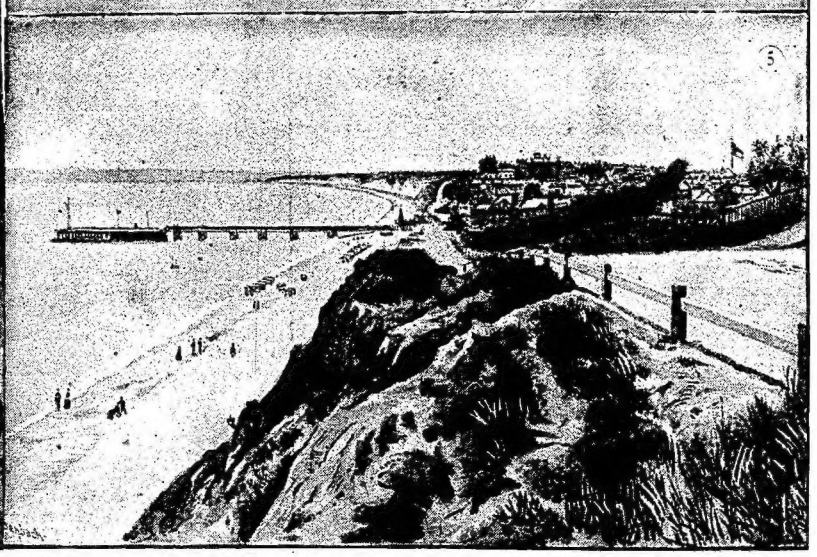
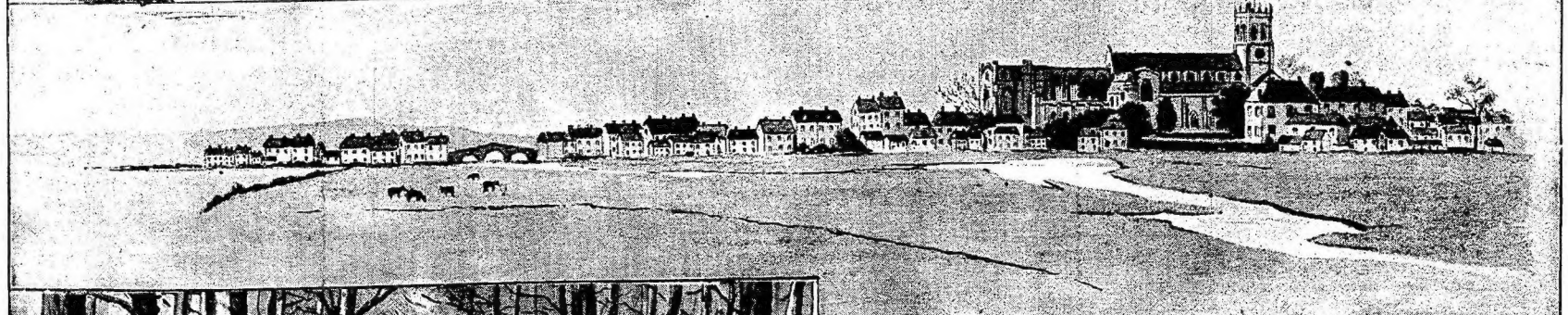
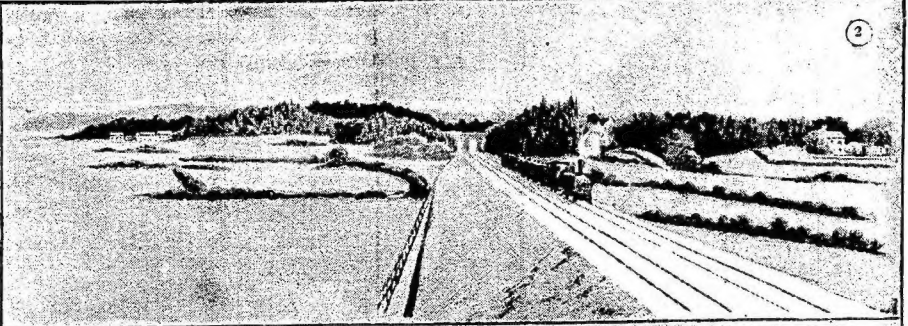
GENERAL PLAN OF THE PANAMA CANAL

SHOWING THE NEW SYSTEM OF LOCKS RECENTLY DECIDED UPON IN PLACE OF THE ORIGINAL PLAN OF A TIDE LEVEL WATERWAY. BY MEANS OF THIS SYSTEM M. DE LESSEPS HOPES TO OVERCOME THE DIFFICULTIES OF EXCAVATION, AND THUS OPEN THE CANAL IN 1892



SARCOPHAGUS IN WHICH THE EMBALMED BODY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED BY PTOLEMY—FROM THE RUINS OF THE SOMA IN ALEXANDRIA
This Sarcophagus is in the British Museum

LANDSLIP ON THE RAILWAY NEAR BOULOGNE-SUR-MER



1. Near Milton 2. On the Borders of the New Forest 3. Christchurch from the Railway, showing the Bridge over the Avon 4. Invalids' Walk, Bournemouth 5. View from the East Cliff, Bournemouth

VIEWS ON THE NEW DIRECT RAILWAY ROUTE FROM LONDON TO BOURNEMOUTH



THE RECENT SNOWSTORMS IN NORTHUMBERLAND

IT is remarkable that, for three years in succession, March has been exceptionally severe, with heavy falls of snow in many parts of the country. The great blizzard which, on March 12th and for several days afterwards, paralysed locomotion in New York and other Atlantic cities, seems to have found its way across the ocean to this country. At any rate, on or about March 15th very heavy snowfalls took place in the North of England. Many roads in Yorkshire were blocked; in some parts of Lancashire trains were unable to run, the Cockermouth and Keswick Railway was snowed up, and on some of the mountains there were drifts twenty feet deep. In Newcastle, the snow fell in such quantities as almost to blind people walking through the streets. The "Flying Scotchman" was blocked at Morpeth. The train started from London with the usual complement of passengers, and till Doncaster was reached there was no snow. The Duke of Argyll and Mr. Joicey, M.P., were passengers in the train, and when it was brought to a standstill, the latter took the former in a closed carriage to Longhurst Hall. The colliers' wives were very hospitable to the other passengers, and made tea for them. Some went to the hotels in Morpeth, while others stayed in the carriages. The line was blocked all day, and the train embedded in a deep drift.—Our illustrations show the efforts made to release the train by the use of the snow-plough.

EASTER SERVICES IN SOUTH RUSSIA

THE most important of the Easter Services in Russia occurs on the evening preceding Easter Sunday, when at midnight the effigy of Christ is borne in grand procession round the exterior of the Cathedral.

During the day and evening the "body" of Christ is situated near the altar of the Cathedral, flanked by huge ornamental candlesticks. All day long it is besieged by a crowd of eager worshippers: soldiers and civilians, the fashionable lady and the dirty peasant, pressing, struggling, almost fighting, to gain a momentary stand at the table; which, by reason of the great crush, sways to and fro, and is in constant danger of being upset, to prevent which the attendant has frequently to apply to the ribs of some over-zealous worshipper the long stick with which he is provided.

The drawing shows the scene as it appears between ten and eleven o'clock on the Saturday evening, before the commencement of the final service; one by one the crowd reach the table, and crossing themselves they press their lips to the book, or the figure, or both, and leave the conflict with the consciousness of a duty performed.

SEAPORT TOWN OF TUXPAN, MEXICO

OUR illustrations are from sketches by Mr. S. E. White who writes:—"I am much impressed by the situation of Tuxpan as a rising port, in the Mexican Gulf, which might supersede Vera Cruz, on account of its healthiness, good anchorage, and fine river. The only drawback is the difficult bar at the mouth of the river, but this could easily be removed by the construction of two piers, such, for example, as exist at Boulogne-sur-Mer. The clearance, moreover, would be easily effected here, owing to the great volume of water which pours down from the mountainous regions some 100 miles distant, and which for 30 miles is 500 yards wide, and 30 to 40 feet deep. When this work is accomplished and the proposed railway constructed, Tuxpan would be brought some seventy miles nearer to the capital than Vera Cruz, and would greatly aid the development of one of the finest countries in the world, and afford employment to thousands of those unemployed, of whose demonstrations in London I hear so much. Already the exports hence, to the United States alone, amount yearly to the value of 300,000*l.*, although all goods have to be shipped in lighters and small schooners which can cross the bar and carry them to steamers anchored outside."

AN AUSTRALIAN POET

MR. WALTER SCOTT, the publisher, has included in the pretty little volumes of his "Canterbury Series," one entitled "Australian Ballads and Rhymes." The book is edited by Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen, himself, judging by the specimens given, a verseman of considerable merit, and he has wisely restricted his selection to "Poems Inspired by Life and Scenery in Australia and New Zealand." Those home-staying folks who still regard the great island-continent as a land merely of shepherd-kings and gold-seekers, may be surprised to find how widely the poetical gift is distributed in a region no part of which has been trodden by a white man's foot for more than a hundred years. The climate, which resembles that of Italy and Greece with special advantages of its own, is, perhaps, partly responsible for the development of this pleasing faculty. Anyhow, the result is a very good collection of antipodal poetry, which has a special flavour peculiar to itself, and which, on that account alone, will have interest for all lovers of poetry, whether home-dwellers or colonists. It is true that a good proportion of these writers are European-born; nevertheless they have all, if we may so express it, inhaled the aroma of the *eucalyptus*, and are therefore true Australians by adoption, if not by birth. We are indebted to Mr. Sladen for the photographs which illustrate the career of the late Adam Lindsay Gordon, whom he styles "Australia's most famous poet." It is worth noting that, owing to copyright difficulties, only two specimens of Gordon's poetry appear in "Australian Ballads." We will leave Mr. Sladen to describe the poet's brief and melancholy career.

"Gordon was born in England in 1833, and was educated at Cheltenham College. Fond of fisticuffs and horsey adventures, he had many escapades, narrowly escaping prosecution for abstracting a mare, only half-paid for, to ride in a race. In 1853 he emigrated to South Australia. He had introductions to the Governor, but preferred mounted-police and station work. He then lived much near Lacapède Bay—an exquisite spot, spoiled by the jetty which has been built there. He afterwards received a legacy, bought a station, and entered the South Australian Parliament. Horses ruined him. He sold his station; turned jobmaster at Ballarat, and eventually came to Melbourne to seek for a living. Here, after publishing (1867-70) three volumes, 'Sea-Spray and Smoke-Drift,' 'Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes,' and 'Ashtaroth,' which will for ever identify his name with Victoria, in 1870, being unable to raise 50*l.* on the book which now brings the printer who has secured the copyright hundreds a year, he shot himself in the scrub near Brighton. A monument (of which we give an engraving) was erected by public subscription. He was the most famous amateur steeplechase rider in the colonies. We also give one of his horse-sketches. The steeplechase shows Gordon himself rising at a fence.

"As regards his poetry, Gordon has one supreme merit: he is interesting to every one—stockman or scholar; generally rhythmical and sonorous; full of homely sayings, as rounded as proverbs—a very Burns for begetting proverbs. To give an idea of his power in Victoria, one might call him 'the Australian Burns'; not for his poetry, but as their national poet—he who dwells on the

tongues of the people, a very manly poet. The man ready to fight any one for two straws, or jump a horse at anything, is reflected in his poems; but both man and poems lack one element of manliness—accomplishment. With him it was always the 'forlorn hope.' He wrote four kinds of poems excellently: ballads of unusual 'lilt' and 'go'; Swinburnian trochaics, full of solemn, dignified feeling; bush-poems, written as he only could write them; and horse-poems, unequalled in the language, such as 'How We Beat the Favourite,' 'From the Wreck,' and 'The Sick Stockrider'—a masterpiece which no poet but Gordon could have written. Poetical genius, ringing, spirited, rhythmical writing, experience of the 'old colonial days,' and loving intimacy with the bush had to unite in one man before such a poem could be born."

RUN ON A PENNY BANK.

THE establishment of this valuable institution was chiefly due to the energy and enthusiasm of Mr. G. C. Bartley, now M.P. for North Islington. Since its establishment, thirteen years ago, it has expanded amazingly, and there are now thirteen separate branches, holding deposits to the aggregate amount of nearly half a million sterling. Most of this money belongs to very poor people; 38 per cent. of the Bank's 70,000 customers have, or had, balances under a shilling, and another 27½ per cent. had balances under half a sovereign. The bank is an institution unique of its kind. It receives deposits from a penny upwards, without limit. The depositor pays in any amount he likes, receives three per cent. interest, and can withdraw up to 10*l.* at any time without notice. This plan exactly suits the needs of the small shopkeeper and the costermonger. The bank was established as a charitable, not as a commercial enterprise, and no profit was made until 1887, when a dividend of four per cent. was declared. The total share capital only amounts to 12,579*l.*, a proof of how much good can be achieved by a small outlay.

It is sad, after recounting these advantages, to have to state that on Wednesday and Thursday in last week, the Westminster Branch of the National Penny Bank, at the corner of Strutton Ground, was the scene of a persistent run. Whether the panic originated from deliberate malice or from mere baseless rumour it is not easy to say, but the practical effect on a body of ignorant and excitable depositors was to produce a condition of utterly unreasoning alarm. There was a regular rush of depositors to withdraw their money, and the doors were besieged by a long *queue* of anxious-faced creatures, cabmen and costermongers, laundresses and artisans, small tradesmen, and even schoolboys and schoolgirls. The saddest feature in the affair was that the adjacent public-houses did a roaring trade among these unfortunate people. One of the prevailing rumours was that the Managing Committee had been wasting the depositors' money by buying extravagant premises; another, still wilder, alleged that the Duke of Westminster, who is one of the trustees, had lost all his fortune on a race-horse. As a matter of fact, the Duke has never bet a penny in his life. However, as the bank survived the trying ordeal to which it was subjected, paying every claimant without hesitation, the alarm gradually subsided, and it is to be hoped that, for the future, the belief of the poor in its stability will be increased rather than diminished by this untoward incident.

THE PANAMÁ CANAL

THE Panamá Canal, which was to have been constructed as a tide level waterway, has been transformed temporarily into a lock canal to ensure its inauguration for 1890.

In 1881 the cubic metres of stone and earth to be extracted to form a tide-level water-way of forty-seven miles in length, seventy feet in width, and thirty feet in depth, were calculated at 125,000,000.

In 1886, the cube remaining to be excavated, and the changes adopted in the plans of construction, reduced the amount to 108,000,000.

In 1887, owing to immense difficulties encountered, it was physically impossible to open to navigation a tide-level canal in 1889 as promised.

The superhuman efforts brought to bear upon the works by labour and machinery, could not possibly extract a total of 108,000,000 of cubic metres in three years, and especially under such abnormal conditions.

A lock waterway was then decided upon in September, 1887, which reduced the cube to 34,000,000, in no manner changing the length, breadth, and depth of a tide-level waterway as above explained.

On the Atlantic, from Navy Bay to the entrance and exit of the Canal at Fox River, the width will be 330 ft. The tide-level waterway will continue from Fox River, to within a mile and a-half of the station of Bohio-Soldado, a distance of sixteen miles; then the



C. DE TANKERVILLE-CHAMBERLAINE BEY

The only Survivor in England of the Original Promoters of the Canal

difference of level of 124 ft., from Bohio-Soldado to Mount Culebra, a distance of twenty miles, will be overcome by a succession of five locks, two of 22 ft. fall, and three of 36. The great reach of three miles and a quarter commences at Emperador on the Atlantic slope, and terminates on the Pacific slope of Mount Culebra.

Four other locks, three of 36 ft. fall and one of 22 ft., from Mount Culebra to Miraflores, a distance of six miles, will overcome on the Pacific watershed an altitude of 134 ft. From Miraflores to the Island of Naos, the ingress and egress on the Pacific (a distance of five miles) it will be a tide-level canal, and the width will be 165 ft.

The lock-gates are 60 ft. in width, and the total length of the lock 590 feet. These locks are somewhat similar to the Kinnipile Locks at Greenock, and Blackman's proposed locks for the Nicaragua Canal. M. Eiffel, engineer of the Paris Exhibition Tower, is the engineer and constructor.

The supply of water on the Atlantic slope will be secured by the River Chagres and its dam, and on the Pacific by the Rio Grande and the Obispo. The locks are filled or emptied in fifteen minutes, and the volume of water received or emitted in this space of time is 9,000,000 gallons.

The sum requisite for the completion of the Canal by 1890 is 28,000,000*l.* To meet this expenditure, an issue of bonds has taken place for 14,000,000*l.*, awaiting the decision of the French Government for a lottery loan. The tonnage in transit is estimated variably from three to seven million tons.

There are 1,206,609 shares, of which 994,508 are possessed by Frenchmen. Count de Lesseps—the "Great Frenchman," as he is called—who is now eighty-three years old, and still healthy and vigorous, intends, life permitting, to inaugurate the Panamá Canal in 1890 by handing it over to the world's navigation, passing through himself, continuing his trip round the Horn, and coming home by the Suez Canal.

Mr. Tankerville-Chamberlain is the son of the late well-known surgeon Richard Tankerville-Chamberlain, M.D., M.R.C.S., formerly Surgeon-General and Inspector-General of Hospitals in Jamaica, a descendant of the Irish branch of the ancient family of the Chamberlaines, Earls of Tancarville.

His mother was Frances Donaldson, daughter of the Right Reverend Colin Donaldson, of the Isles, who married Virginia de Montagnac, daughter of the French Royal exile of that name, who served in the English Army, and attained the rank of Colonel.

Mr. Tankerville-Chamberlain was born in Jamaica, in 1841, completed his studies in France and England, served in the Navy, and afterwards entered the service of the late Khedive.

He was one of the pioneers of the Panamá Canal in 1880, and took an active part in the organisation of the Canal Works. He is a strenuous upholder of the Canal, and has most implicit faith in its success, being an ardent disciple of Count de Lesseps. He fulfilled the duties of Acting British Consul for two years at Panamá, and furnished his Government with some very able reports on the United States of Colombia.

He married Louise Nimzar Levick, daughter of Henry Kenny Levick, late H.B.M. Packet Agent in Egypt, and collaborator with Lieutenant Waghorn in establishing the Overland route.

We are indebted for the foregoing particulars, and for the accompanying plan, to Mr. Tankerville-Chamberlain, whose portrait, from a photograph by Walery, of Regent Street, we also give.

AN ANCIENT SARCOPHAGUS

ONCE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN THAT OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

A FEW weeks since a telegram was published in the newspapers announcing that a sarcophagus containing the body of Alexander the Great had been discovered at Saidá, or Sidon, in Syria. The public wondered; but the archaeologists smiled. Alexander, it is known, died at Babylon, and his body was removed with great pomp to Alexandria. That a sarcophagus which, with some show of plausibility, it might be contended once contained the body of the great monarch, should be discovered at Alexandria, would not be surprising; but that the sarcophagus of Alexander should be discovered at Sidon is, for the present, at any rate, beyond belief. The telegrams have had their origin, probably, in mere idle native rumour. There is all more reason to suspend judgment in this matter, because this is not the first time that the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great has been offered to a credulous public. In the large Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum there is a very ancient stone coffin, of which we give an engraving. During the French occupation of Egypt this ancient monument was taken possession of by the French authorities, but when Alexandria fell into the hands of the British, it was shipped to England, and was presented to the British Museum by George III. It is reproduced from an old work published in 1805, and written by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D., who firmly believed in the truthfulness of this account, and who quotes Strabo, Suetonius, and Leo Africanus, in support of his theory. He tells the story of the Emperor Augustus, when at Alexandria, paying a special visit to the tomb of Alexander, and when the body was taken from the Sarcophagus, placing a golden crown upon, and scattering flowers over it. Augustus is even said to have broken the nose of the dead Conqueror by touching it accidentally. Moreover Caligula caused the breastplate of Alexander to be taken from his tomb, and even wore it on festive occasions, while Septimius Severus thought proper to check the ardour of the devotees to this shrine, by closing the tomb altogether. Dr. Clarke then tells how the alleged tomb continued to be an object of reverence to the Mahomedan conquerors, who would not even allow a Christian to see it. He describes the sarcophagus as hewn out of one entire block of green Egyptian breccia, and states that Denon took it from the Mosque of St. Anastatius at Alexandria, formerly a Christian Church, which covered the site of the "Soma," or burial place of the Ptolemys. He remarks that the fact of the inscriptions on the stone being in hieroglyphics and not in Greek characters would be explained by Alexander having been deified and worshipped not as a Grecian but as an Egyptian god. The sarcophagus was brought to England in H.M.S. *Madras*, and before the vessel sailed the Capitano Bey, with his suite, and many Turks of distinction, came on board to render a last act of devotion to this relic, which they all solemnly touched with their tongues, the Capitano Bey declaring that Providence would never suffer the tomb to arrive safely, in England. The reason for the reverence entertained by the Mahomedans for the sarcophagus is probably that they identify Alexander under his Egyptian deification as the son of Jupiter Ammon with the "two-horned Dhu'lkarnein" of the Koran, the King of the East and West, who successfully combated Gog and Magog. Dr. Clarke's theory has long been discredited by the Museum authorities, who have erased the original inscription on the coffin. The hieroglyphics with which it is covered could not be deciphered when it was first brought to England, but they can now be read, and they seem to show that this was the sarcophagus of King Nectanabus I., of the 30th dynasty, who reigned from 387 to 369 B.C. So the coffin is described in the Museum catalogue; but the granite base on which it rests bears the inscription "Sarcophagus of Hapmien, a Royal scribe (27th dynasty)." There would therefore appear to be still some doubt for whom the coffin was first intended.

THE LANDSLIP AT BOULOGNE

FOR nearly three weeks the English Continental mails have been inconvenienced by formidable landslips on the railway between Calais and Boulogne, which completely blocked the line, and compelled the trains to take a circuitous course through St. Omer and Arras, thus entailing a delay of two hours. The landslips occurred at the mouth of the tunnel, and on the 15th there was a further slip which jeopardised the lives of the workmen engaged in clearing the line, the falling mass nearly burying the train employed in carrying away the *débris*. It is feared that the mischief even now may not be at an end as the ground above the tunnel is full of springs. These swollen by heavy rains are supposed to have caused the landslips.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. Frank Merridew, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

SLEDGING THROUGH SIBERIA

See page 343

NEW DIRECT ROUTE TO BOURNEMOUTH

ON March 5th, the inhabitants of that favourite and rapidly-growing watering-place, Bournemouth, made public holiday to celebrate the official opening by the London and South-Western Railway Company of the new direct line to Bournemouth. The day was beautifully warm and sunny (rather a contrast to the weather we have since experienced), and the town was lavishly adorned with flags, bunting, and evergreens. A special train, provided for the railway directors and their friends, left Waterloo Station at 9.30 A.M. The engine and carriages were quite new, and the former was gaily decked with flags and streamers. A pleasant run was made to Brockenhurst in the New Forest, at which point the new route diverges from the main line and runs direct, *via* Sway, Milton, and Hinton, respectively, to Christchurch and Bournemouth. On arriving at Bournemouth the passengers alighted, and a brief ceremony took place upon the platform, where the chairman of the company, the Hon. Ralph H. Dutton, declared the new line to be open for traffic. A procession of forty carriages was then formed, and the visitors were driven through the town to the Shaftesbury Hall, where luncheon was served, a number of prominent persons from the neighbourhood—including the Mayors of several adjacent towns—being present. In the course of his speech the Chairman stated that, although the saving in actual distance by the new line was only eight and a quarter miles, the saving of time between London and Bournemouth would vary from thirty to forty minutes by several of the trains. The actual length of the new line from Brockenhurst to Christchurch is ten and a half miles; and, although there are no expensive viaducts or building works of magnitude, the earthworks have been exceptionally heavy.—Our engravings, which represent views both in Bournemouth and in the vicinity of the new line, are from photographs and drawings.

STUDIES OF LIFE IN IRELAND.—VI.

CHILDREN CARRYING TURF

It is not uncommon in country districts to meet children on their way to school, barefooted and ragged, carrying three or four lumps of turf, or, as it is more commonly called in England, "peat," in their arms. When pennies are scarce, as they unfortunately often are, this turf is taken by the schoolmaster in lieu of them.

This same turf makes cheerful and sweet-smelling fires when dry, but when wet is extremely difficult to kindle, and burns slowly, giving out very little heat and plenty of smoke. In some parts of Ireland nothing else is used for fuel.

A LEAGUE BAND

No meeting, procession, or demonstration is complete without one, or sometimes two or three, bands. In the matter of uniform and instruments, they are often most irregular. The instruments, judging from their sound and appearance, must often have been used as weapons of offence and defence; but, so long as they will produce a note when called upon, a big drum, with a strong arm will cover a multitude of sins in this respect.

When the police make an attack on the band at a political meeting, the cherished instruments are carefully smuggled away under the coats of their proprietors—except when, as sometimes happens, they are made to sound the note of remonstrance on the heads of the gentlemen in blue.

But our artist's sketch deals more with the times of peace than of war, and the musicians are hiding their instruments from the rain, which wets alike the police and the peasant.

MILITARY CYCLING

See pp. 349 *et seqq.*

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 353.

MEET OF THE QUEEN'S STAGHOUNDS

"DURING the month of October," writes our artist, "before regular hunting begins, Her Majesty's Staghounds usually meet at the Royal Hotel, Ascot, for 'Forest' hunting, which not only teaches an untried deer to run before the hounds, but gets deer, horses, and hounds into trim for more serious work later on. The scene depicted in the drawing is the 'meet' in front of the Royal Hotel. Goodall has brought his hounds betimes from the kennels, which are close by, and all are in readiness to move off when the signal is given. One of the 'whips' is about to trot off to some point of vantage, from which he can give an eye to the doings of the stag. The deer-cart has gone on, and the deer will be 'enlarged' at some spot already announced, and presently Goodall will follow with his hounds, and lay them on the line. If the scent is good, a pleasant gallop will be enjoyed through the Forest, and possibly through the enclosed country, and very beautiful the Forest is at this time of year, with the golden autumnal tints of foliage, bracken, &c., &c."



POLITICAL ITEMS.—A private conference of peers and M.P.'s who held office in Mr. Gladstone's last Administration was held under his presidency at Spencer House on Tuesday to take into consideration the Local Government Bill. The result is understood to be that this important measure was pronounced on the whole very satisfactory.—The Conservative working men of Lancashire and Cheshire, of whose federation Mr. A. J. Balfour is President, have been giving him an enthusiastic welcome at Stalybridge, where, in a most effective speech, the Chief Secretary for Ireland demolished the calumnies heaped on his Irish administration by the Parnellites, and echoed even by such respectable Gladstonians as Lord Ripon. All the stories about the imprisonment of old women and little boys and girls were, he showed, mere inventions, retailed by persons like Mr. W. O'Brien, who had described "Lord Spencer as a Lord-Lieutenant whose hands were 'red with innocent blood,'" and who had spoken of Lord Spencer's chief as William Judas Gladstone. Yet the English Liberal followers of these two statesmen accepted as true, because levelled at a Unionist Government, the charges made by the same man who had thus vilified Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer. Mr. Balfour is to be entertained at a banquet in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, April 11th. Among his hosts will be fifty Peers and one hundred and fifty Members of the House of Commons.—The Liberal Unionists and Conservatives of Rochdale have induced Mr. Bright's eldest son, Mr. John Albert Bright, to consent to stand for that borough at the next General Election, in opposition to the present member, Mr. Potter, who was an active ally of the late Mr. Cobden, and is the Hon. Secretary of the Cobden Club. Mr. Bright's younger son, Mr. W. Leatham Bright, is a Separatist, but Mr. John Albert Bright follows in the footsteps of his father, and is a Unionist.

IRELAND.—The Garter vacant through the death of the late Duke of Rutland has been conferred on the Lord-Lieutenant, the Marquis of Londonderry.—Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., has been renewing his mischievous activity. In spite of a proclamation forbidding

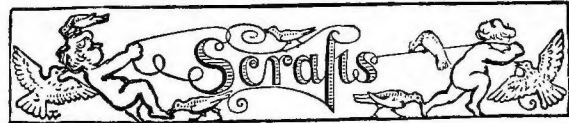
a meeting announced to be held at Youghal on Sunday to encourage the tenants on the Ponsonby estate in the adoption of the Plan of Campaign, he endeavoured to address an open-air assemblage near that town. Captain Plunkett with a body of police was proceeding to disperse the crowd, when he accidentally fell, and while prostrate was savagely assaulted by some cowardly ruffians, and was dangerously injured. Several of the police were severely wounded.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At a Mansion House meeting, the Lord Mayor being in the chair, and the Duke of Cambridge among the speakers, it was agreed to appeal to the citizens of London for pecuniary aid towards the erection of a suitable memorial to the British officers and soldiers who fell in the Waterloo campaign, on the occasion of the removal of their remains from the old cemetery in Brussels to the new one at Evre, where the City of Brussels has given a magnificent site for the purpose. Subscriptions to the amount of 400*l.* were announced.—At the annual meeting, influentially attended, of the subscribers to that most excellent society, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, the Duke of Northumberland, its President, in the chair, the report presented stated that during 1887 its lifeboats had saved 368 lives, and ten vessels, while 204 other lives were saved by shore boats and other means, all of which services were rewarded by the institution. The expenditure during the year was 74,162*l.*, the revenue considerably less, amounting from all sources to 56,970*l.*—Exeter Hall was crowded to overflowing at the impressive Gedächtniss-feier of the late Emperor William. In an eloquent and patriotic address Professor Max Müller represented as the greatest of all German heroes the Prussian King who had made Germany the guardian of its own Marches, the watch on the Rhine, the watch on the Vistula, the protector of the power of all Europe.—The Special Committee of the London School Board, which for a year has been receiving evidence on the subject of primary education, has drawn up an elaborate report, in one of the most important sections of which detailed suggestions are made for the improvement of the school curriculum, by bringing manual work to the aid of intellectual.—Sir Andrew Clark has been elected President of the Royal College of Physicians.

OUR OBITUARY records the death, in her eighty-third year, of the Lady Christian Maule, sister of the late Fox Maule, eleventh Earl of Dalhousie; in her sixty-sixth year, of Lady Annora Williams Wynn, wife of Mr. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, and youngest daughter of the second Earl Manservants; in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. Alfred Seymour, brother of the late Mr. H. Danby Seymour, M.P., and Liberal M.P. for Totnes 1863-7, and for Salisbury 1869-74; in his forty-third year, of Mr. Edward Dwyer Gray, the Parnellite M.P. for the St. Stephen's division of Dublin, of which city he was Lord Mayor in 1880, managing director of the *Freeman's Journal*, of which he was proprietor, until its recent transfer to a limited liability company; in his seventy-second year, of Mr. Henry Robertson, Liberal M.P. for Merionethshire in the last Parliament, formerly engineer of the Chester and Shrewsbury Railway, and principal promoter of the railway now in progress from Birkenhead across the estuary of the Dee; in his sixty-second year, of Mr. Benjamin Piercy, an associate of Mr. Robertson in industrial enterprise, the engineer of a number of railways in Wales, and of some on the Continent and in India; in his fifty-eighth year, of Sir Robert Wisdom, a native of Lancashire, formerly Attorney-General of New South Wales, and one of the delegates from that colony to the London Colonial Conference of last year; in his sixty-fourth year, of Major-General Samuel A. Madden, who served in the Burmese War of 1852-3, and with distinction in the Afghan War of 1878-9; in his seventy-first year, of Major-General William Dixon, R.E., who, during the war with Russia, prepared the plans for the attack on Bomarsund and other places, and was afterwards Superintendent of the Enfield Factory; in his fifty-second year, of Major-General William M. B. Walton, late R.A., who was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir; of the Rev. Horatio Nelson Ward, for thirty-five years rector of Radstock, Somerset, son of the "little Horatia," whom Lord Nelson, when dying, bequeathed to the care of the nation; in his fifty-ninth year, of the Rev. Henry N. Oxenham, who after being a curate in the Church of England joined the Church of Rome in 1857, and was a copious contributor to the theological literature of that communion; suddenly, of Mr. C. W. King, senior fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge: in his seventy-first year, of Mr. Lachlan Mackinnon, a native of Skye, who went to Australia nearly half a century ago, becoming a wealthy squatter, a Member of the Legislative Council of Victoria, and a co-proprietor with the late Edward Wilson of the *Melbourne Argus*, and after his return home the owner and occupier of an estate in Devonshire, and a promoter of philanthropic institutions at Plympton and Plymouth; in his fifty-second year, of Mr. W. Thompson Watkin, of Liverpool, an industrious and skilful antiquary, among whose many contributions to archaeological literature are two works of acknowledged authority, "Roman Lancashire" and "Roman Cheshire"; in his fifty-seventh year, of Mr. Robert Chambers, son of the late Dr. Robert Chambers, who since the decease of his uncle, the late William Chambers, has been the head of the well-known publishing firm of W. and R. Chambers; in his seventy-first year, of Mr. Thomas German Reed, who with his wife, originally Miss Priscilla Horton, an actress of distinction, founded and took a prominent part in the popular drawing-room entertainments called after him; and, in his 58th year, of Mr. Doyne C. Bell, secretary to H.M.'s Privy Purse. His loss will be felt by a wide circle of friends and all who have had any business relations with him will long remember his courtesy and kindness. His artistic taste was of much service in connection with the execution of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, and he also composed some charming music.

MR. JAMES STEPHEN'S smart little paper, the *Reflector*, has now reached its thirteenth number, and may therefore be considered fairly afloat. The current issue contains Mr. Leslie Stephen's recently-delivered lecture on "Coleridge," and an instructive article upon the "Carnot Family," with other readable matter. Henceforward the *Reflector* will appear on Saturdays instead of Sundays, as heretofore. But why, Mr. Stephen, have you given up your unconventional advertisements, which were not the least amusing portion of your literary fare?

ART EXHIBITIONS will provide ample occupation for Parisians during the Easter holidays. The "Independent Artists" have just opened their fourth annual display, and, as any artist who pleases can send in ten works without being subject to rejection by a jury, it is rather surprising that not more than 693 pictures and 10 pieces of sculpture have been contributed. There are some remarkable practical jokes included, and a good deal of rubbish, but also many pictures worthy of a place in the Salon. The well-known lady artist, Mlle. Abbema, shows a highly interesting collection of her paintings and pastels at the Galerie Petit. Portraits are undoubtedly her strongest point.—Great preparations are going on for the "Exhibition of French Caricaturists of the Nineteenth Century," which opens at the Fine Art School on April 19th. Five rooms will be filled with carefully-chosen examples, including satiric portraits of most celebrities of the century, enriched with autographs.—Meanwhile the Salon jury are hard at work, having begun this year at the letter W. The mal-content artists, who complain of the preponderating influence exercised by certain studios, are perfectly wild to think that the jury is almost identical with that of last year. There was a hot contest at the election, twenty-three different lists of candidates being presented; but the old hands carried the day again. They have to choose between 7,690 paintings—263 more than last year.



M. PASTEUR'S SCHEME for the extermination of rabbits by inoculation with the microbes of chicken cholera has been warmly taken up by the New Zealand Government. They intend to try the experiment on some uninhabited coastal island.

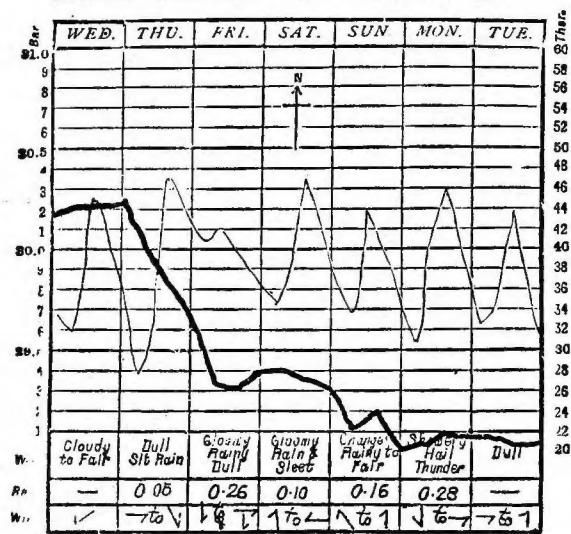
THE LATE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY exacted stringent punctuality. Thrice a week his barber came to trim his Majesty's moustache and hair, and at one time he was very late in arriving, several days in succession. One morning the Emperor remarked: "Your watch must go badly, here is another; be punctual for the future," presenting him with a splendid gold hunter. The barber was most grateful and delighted, and for a fortnight appeared to the exact moment. Then he fell back into his old habits; so the Emperor, after a few days, requested to see his watch. The barber placed it in his Majesty's hands, and Emperor William said coolly, "As my watch does not go better than your old one, you had better try this one." The Sovereign pocketed the handsome time-keeper, and gave the disconcerted barber a genuine turnip, worth about 1*l.*

THE HEIR TO THE ITALIAN CROWN, the young Prince of Naples, represented his country for the first time abroad at the funeral of the late German Emperor. So, too, did the Czarewicz, who is a year older than the Italian Crown Prince, the latter being only just eighteen. In character, Prince Victor Emmanuel is older than his years, being of a grave and sedate temperament, but his delicate appearance and slight shyness make him appear younger. He is extremely gentle and amiable, and is perfectly devoted to his father, though King Humbert has brought him up most severely. In order to familiarise his heir with political affairs, King Humbert often allows his son to be present at Royal interviews with important statesmen, and the Prince has thoroughly profited by the opportunity, having acquired a wide knowledge of general subjects. He promises, too, to become a good speaker, when he has overcome the tendency to look at his Governor, Colonel Osio, before speaking, as if to gain his approval. History is the Prince's favourite study, and few people are better versed in the intricacies of mediæval intrigues, while he is also fond of collecting coins and medals.

EASTER EGGS now fill the shop-windows in Paris side by side with the traditional *poissons d'avril*, for as this year All Fools' Day coincides with Easter Sunday, the Parisians are rather perplexed to choose between the two gifts. Both appear in all sorts and sizes, from the tiny sugar or chocolate fish and egg, which can be eaten by the receiver, to the large kind filled with sweets, or more costly offerings of jewellery. The Easter Eggs, however, stand highest in favour, and all through the week big hampers of red eggs have been pouring into Paris for the benefit of the poorer classes. Even so far back as the thirteenth century, the University students, juvenile priests, and the young citizens of the different quarters used to march in procession to Notre Dame at Easter, with flags flying and trumpets sounding, and sing part of the office of "Lauds" in the square before the Cathedral. Then they filed through the streets, making the "Easter Egg collection." In latter centuries, baskets of gilded eggs were carried into the King's apartments after the Easter High Mass, and often these eggs were beautifully painted by first-rate artists. Watteau and Lancret did not disdain to paint Easter eggs, and two fine specimens which were presented to Madame Victorie de France, daughter of Louis XV., are still preserved in the Versailles Museum. These eggs *à la Watteau* are very much the fashion in Paris this year. Another old Church custom is still observed in Republican France, the sale of palm and box on Palm Sunday. So much is now required that whole waggons-loads come from the provinces, though formerly the Parisian suburbs furnished sufficient for the city. On Sunday last even the most lukewarm Catholic secured a sprig of box which had been blessed in church, to hang over the crucifix at home. Pious provincials keep these sprigs all the year, and bury the old ones on Palm Sunday, while on the same anniversary Breton farmers still plant a blessed sprig in their fields as a holy talisman to guard the crops.

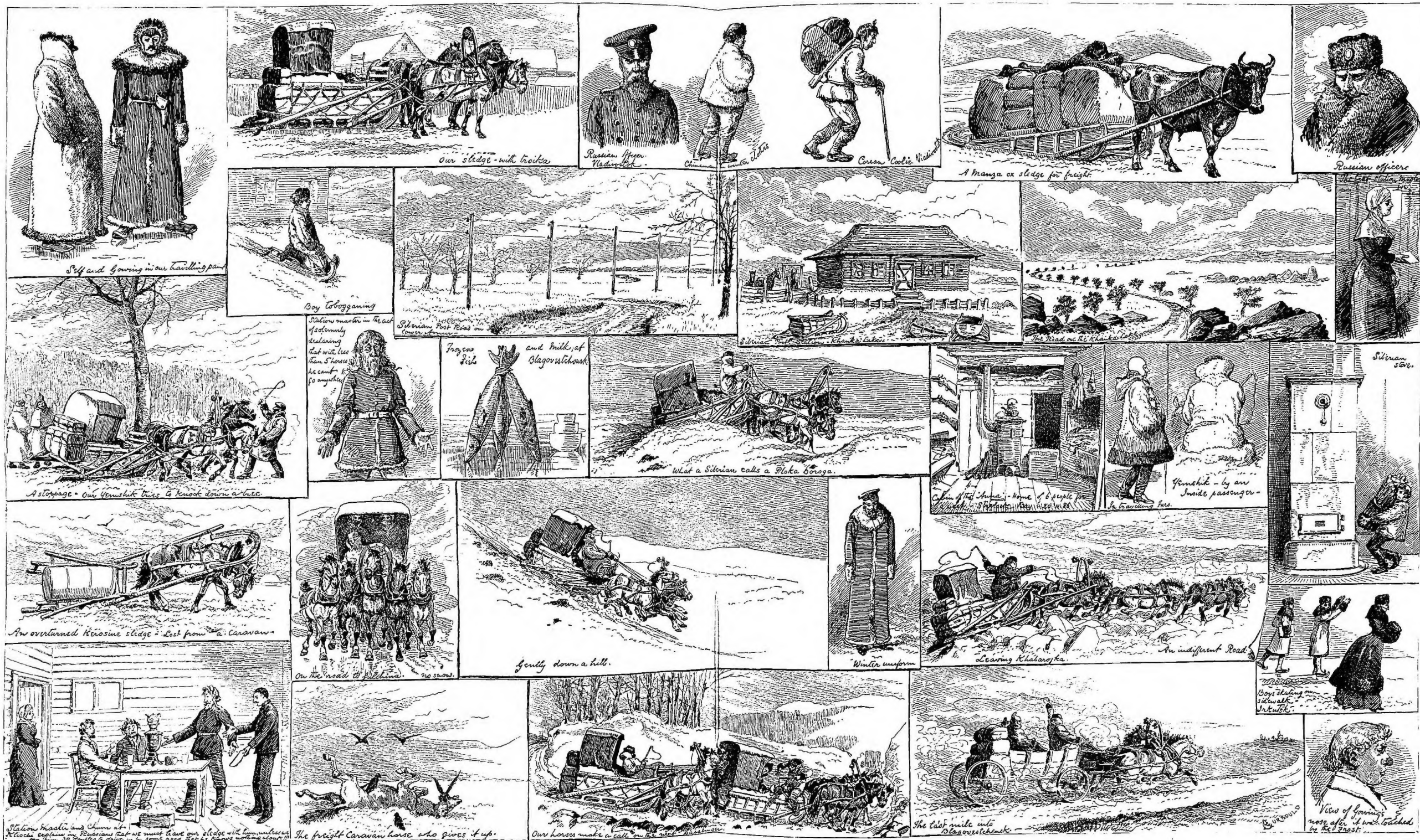
WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (27th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week was of a very changeable description, with frequent showers of cold rain or snow, while temperature, although decidedly milder than of late, was low for the time of the year. At the beginning of the time pressure was high over West Europe generally, the highest readings being found off the West of Ireland and over the Baltic at first, but subsequently shifting more to the Southward as a large area of low barometer readings spread in from the Westward over the British Islands. The keen North-Easterly winds of last week were therefore quickly supplanted by more Westerly breezes, and milder, but showery weather in most places. After Thursday (22nd inst.) the mercurial column continued to fall, and during the closing days of the week the large area of low and uniform readings (about 29 inches generally) still lay over or in our immediate neighbourhood. The gradients were therefore very slight on the whole, but in the course of Monday (26th inst.) became steep for Westerly gales in the Channel. During this interval the sky was locally clear occasionally, but taken as a whole was cloudy in most places, with frequent showers of cold rain, sleet, or snow in many parts of the country. Temperature was again below the average pretty generally, and while frosts were reported from many localities they were but slight. Daily maxima exceeded 50° in a few places at the beginning of the week, but were mostly below 45° generally. The barometer was highest (30° 24 inches) on Wednesday (21st inst.); lowest (29° 02 inches) on Monday (26th inst.); range 1° 22 inch. The temperature was highest (47°) on Thursday and Saturday (22nd and 24th inst.); lowest (28°) on Thursday (22nd inst.); range 19°. Rain fell on five days. Total fall 0° 85 in. Greatest fall on any one day 0° 28 in. on Monday (26th inst.)



A SLEDGE JOURNEY ACROSS SIBERIA

NOTES OF AN OVERLAND TRIP FROM VLADIVOSTOCK TO NIJNI-NOVGOROD BY TWO ENGLISHMEN



THIS has been a somewhat eventful week in FRANCE. There have been two important elections—one at Marseilles, where that veteran revolutionist, Félix Pyat, came out at the head of the poll, beating a Royalist and Moderate Republican, and the other in the Department of the Aisne, where General Boulanger scored 45,000 votes—a majority far above his Radical and Conservative opponents, but not sufficient to validate the election—a second ballot being thus rendered necessary. What the result of this will be is arousing much speculation, more particularly as the Court Martial has been held upon the General, and the decision being unfavourable to him President Carnot has placed him upon the retired list, and, through depriving him of his military status, has rendered him eligible to election to the Chamber. Once there, it is considered he would sink into a complete nonentity, for he is a poor orator, and has no Parliamentary experience. Another well-known figure, M. Wilson, has also had his fate decided—the Court of Appeal having quashed the sentence recently passed upon M. Grévy's son-in-law. The Judges found him duly culpable of having trafficked in decorations, and of having received money to exert his influence, but they did not consider that these acts amounted to swindling, or that they fell within the range of the penal law. Consequently, M. Wilson was pronounced a free man, though it will scarcely be considered that he left the Court "without a stain on his character." In the Chamber it has been decided to take into consideration the much-discussed Panama Canal Loan Bill which will empower M. de Lesseps to raise the money he wants by means of lottery bonds. The Bill is looked on somewhat askance, and it was in no way supported by Government. In PARIS, which is preparing for its Easter festivities, there has been little stirring, the chief item of the week being the death of Désiré Nisard, "Father" of the Academy, who was elected, in 1850, in opposition to Alfred de Musset and Montalambert. The story published by the *Espresso* last week, that France had prepared an expedition to seize Spezia some time since is warmly denied. It arose from an exaggerated report of a conversation between the Italian Naval *attaché* and Admiral Krantz.

In GERMANY, the Emperor has admitted Prince William to a share in the administrative Government, and has empowered him to consider and settle such Government matters as may be referred to him—the Prince's signature to be a valid substitute for his own. Although this step was expected, the publication of the Imperial rescript announcing it created a despondent feeling, as it was interpreted into yet another sign that the Emperor would never be able to take an active part in the Government. The Emperor's health, however, as far as can be gathered, remains fairly good, and it is stated that the local condition of the throat has improved since the removal of another piece of cartilage by Sir Morell Mackenzie. The doctors are very anxious for the return of warmer weather so that their Imperial patient may take fresh air and exercise—the want of which is felt seriously by the Emperor, who, however, to judge by all accounts, seems to get through a very fair share of work, and walks with his doctors in the Orangery. There is little stirring in political circles, save for a hostile feeling which is being more or less openly displayed by certain members of the Court party against the Empress Victoria and the English physicians. This is thought to arise from a feeling of jealousy at the marks of distinction bestowed by the Emperor on his old friends, as well as at the announcement that Sir Morell Mackenzie is to receive the Star of Hohenzollern of the First Class, and Doctor Hovell a lower grade of the same decoration. On Saturday, the Empress held a "mourning" reception at the Old Castle, when the whole of the Court and Diplomatic Body filed past her for the first time. There is much talk as to the form that the proposed national memorial to the late Emperor should take, and the *North German Gazette* suggests that it should consist of a magnificent ceremonial church fronted by an equestrian statue of the late Emperor, to be erected on the Lustgarten, near the Schloss. The church could be utilised as a German Pantheon, and would be available for grand coronation, thanksgiving, or mourning ceremonials.

The recent heavy snow and rains have caused serious floods in Europe, and particularly in Germany and Hungary. In the Elbe districts, the blocking-up of the bed of the river with ice has caused the stream at several points of its course to burst through its dykes, sweeping them away like chaff, and laying hundreds of miles of the adjacent country under water. Numerous villages have been all but destroyed, and hundreds of people are destitute. From Wittenberg to Drannenburg and Boizenburg both banks are flooded for miles, and a hundred villages are under water. The Vistula also has overflowed, causing great devastation, in one district alone—the Nogat Mouth of the Vistula—eight villages being under water. Many persons having been drowned, much cattle lost, and great suffering caused by the difficulty in obtaining provisions. In Hungary the most terrible accounts come from various riverside districts, where the Koros, the Szamos, and Raab have overflowed, have swept away whole villages, inundated large tracts of country, and thrown a large portion of the population into the deepest misery. The authorities are doing all they can to alleviate the distress, and thousands of soldiers have been despatched to repair the dykes, and assist in relieving the sufferers. In many places the waters cannot return to the bed of the river, and the entire county of Bekes is expected to resemble a lake up to the end of the summer. In RUSSIA also, the Dnieper and Dniester have overflowed, causing great devastation.

The Bulgarian crisis remains very much in *statu quo*. Russia energetically denies that she is concentrating her troops, and yet from all accounts is making every preparation for hostilities. Austria is evidently taking every precaution in the event of a campaign being suddenly sprung upon her, the Porte is showing its normal placidity, despite the renewed hints from Count Nelidoff that the removal of Prince Ferdinand should now be urgently demanded, while Bulgaria is perfectly quiet and orderly, and is still thinking over her reply to the Sultan's note—which it is highly probable will now remain unanswered. There are ugly rumours however, that Prince Ferdinand is not so popular as he is presumed to be, and that despite a large sum which he has spent in the country, the Bulgarians are not particularly attached to him. Indeed, it is alleged that if Bulgaria determined to fight for her independence, it would be under Prince Alexander, and not her present ruler. The Princess Clementine, his mother, has returned to Vienna, and there are sinister whispers that money is not quite so plentiful as formerly at the Sofia Palace.—There have been some serious political disturbances in Bucharest, where the composition of the new Roumanian Ministry has greatly angered the Opposition.

In INDIA, the expedition to Sikkim has proved a simple walk over. On the 20th instant Colonel Graham, who had advanced unperceived upon Lingtu, made a sudden descent upon the Thibetan garrison and carried the outlying stockade. The Thibetans then abandoned Lingtu and fled across the frontier. The "fort" is described as really a stone wall, two hundred and fifty yards long, completely blocking the road. The troops had trying work, the snow lying five and six feet deep on the Lingtu. The fort will now,

probably, be destroyed. According to the Viceroy's announcement in Council "This facile vindication of territorial rights would secure free access to the road through Sikkim which had been taken possession of by the enemy, and would close the trifling dispute with Thibet." The annual financial statement for 1888-9 has been made—the main features being a surplus for 1886-7 of 178,427*l.* and a deficit of 2,448,000*l.* for 1887-8, without counting expenditure for special defences amounting to 569,000*l.* This result is worse than the Budget estimates by 2,464,000*l.*, but of this amount 1,059,000*l.* arises out of the charge for anticipated interest, proceeding from the conversion of the Four per Cent. Sterling Stock; 830,000*l.* was on account of the excess of the Army charges in Upper Burma, and the fall in the exchange caused a loss of 710,000*l.* A fall in the opium revenue, however, was made up by improvements in other sources of incomes, and the loss from the railways by savings in the payments. The Budget estimates for the ensuing year promise a surplus of 423,000*l.*—the main advance in revenue being absorbed by the increase in the military forces, and the extra military payments in Burma. This year, also, special defences are to be pushed forward with great vigour, and will involve the payment of 1,121,000*l.* half of which will be payable in England, so that the surplus of 423,000*l.* will, after all, be transformed into a deficit of 698,000*l.* Lord Dufferin was to leave Calcutta on Thursday. He attended a large public meeting at the close of last week, which had been summoned to present him and Lady Dufferin with farewell addresses. In his speech the Viceroy briefly reviewed the chief events of his rule, of which the leading features were the settlement with Russia of the Afghan boundary question, the annexation of Burma, and, after alluding to the misrepresentations of the Press, which, by similar conduct, deluged India with blood thirty years ago, he concluded: "I hope to carry home with me the conviction that, in the opinion of my Anglo-Indian countrymen and Indian fellow-subjects, I have done nothing during four years of anxious rule to shake the stability or dim the glory of the majesty of the Indian Empire, or tarnish that reputation for humanity, justice, and truth, which is its crowning and most precious attribute."

From BURMA we have the usual budget of minor actions with the dacoits, and there seems no material change in the condition of the country. The disarmament is being carried out amongst general murmuring, the result being, according to the *Times* correspondent, "simply to leave the loyal and honest villagers at the mercy of marauding gangs, the dacoits receiving arms and ammunition through Siam. From the Shan States comes better news—all the Shans having now submitted excepting those of Meanghyen Kyainglon and Kyainglon to the east of the Salween River. There was another serious fire in Rangoon last week, extending over a space a mile long, and a quarter of a mile wide. More than 900 native houses were burnt.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—The French have now completely evacuated the NEW HEBRIDES, and have transferred their troops to Noumea.—Portugal has been seized with a sudden burst of energy on the WEST COAST OF AFRICA, and has annexed Ambrozette. It is also stated that the Portuguese intend to hoist their flag at Kinsembo and the port of Muculla, so that they will have possession of all the coast from the south bank of the Congo as far down as Mossamedes.—In the UNITED STATES Chief-Justice Waite died last week. The crusade against the Mormons has now assumed an active form, and at Provo, in Utah, sixteen Mormons have been sentenced each to six months' imprisonment and 100*l.* fine for living with more than one wife, contrary to the recently-passed Edmunds' Law.—The Italians in ABYSSINIA are looking forward to a speedy battle, as the Abyssinian troops are concentrating in the neighbourhood of the Italian outposts.—From EGYPT there is little news. At Suakim all is quiet. The rebels occasionally show themselves, but no fighting is reported. Osman Digma is said to be awaiting reinforcements from Kassala. It is said that in the Eastern African trade cotton goods of Bombay manufacture are taking the place of Manchester goods. British and American tobaccos are sold freely. This is an entirely new trade. The Sudanese are said to have learned the practice of chewing tobacco from the British soldiers.—From ZANZIBAR comes the sad news of the death, at the age of fifty-one, of the Sultan Seyyid Bargash, who has ever been one of England's faithful allies, and has greatly seconded our efforts to put down the slave trade. He is succeeded by his eldest surviving brother Seyyid Khalifar.—In CANADA it is understood that the Government intend to bring forward a bill creating a Legislative Assembly for the North West Territory.



THE Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry, reached Florence on Saturday. The Royal party had a fair passage of 5½ hours across the Channel, the *Victoria* and *Albert* being escorted by the *Osborne*, *Alberta*, and *Galatea*, and rested the afternoon in Cherbourg harbour, where Her Majesty received the British Consul and the Maritime Prefect on board. Late in the evening the Queen and Prince and Princess left by special train, and travelled direct past Paris, Aix-les-Bains—where the Municipality greeted Her Majesty, and presented bouquets—through the Mont Cenis Tunnel into Italy, breakfasting at Spezia on Saturday morning. On arriving at Florence later in the day the Royal party were received by the British Ambassador to Rome, Sir J. S. Lumley, the British Consul-General and his wife, who presented a bouquet, and numerous Italian officials, headed by General Pasi, who had been specially sent by the King of Italy to welcome the Queen, and announce King Humbert and Queen Margherita's coming visit to Her Majesty. The Queen drove in an open carriage to the Villa Palmieri, being greeted warmly along the route, though Her Majesty requested that her arrival should be kept as quiet as possible. English and Italian flags decked the houses, while the sun shone brightly for the first time for some days. The Dowager Countess of Crawford received the Royal party at the Villa, where the Queen found bouquets from the native and English ladies of Florence. Her Majesty drove out in the afternoon, and in the evening the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived from Malta, staying however at an hotel in Florence. On Sunday the Dean of Windsor, as Chaplain-in-Attendance, read prayers before the Royal party, and later the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Sir J. S. Lumley came to the Villa. In the evening the Duke and Duchess dined with Her Majesty, and the town of Fiesole, which is not far above the Villa, illuminated in honour of the Royal visit. On Monday the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, walked in the gardens of the Villa Palmieri, and drove in the afternoon with the Duchess of Edinburgh in the Cascine. The Duke of Edinburgh returns to Malta to his command on Thursday, leaving a portion of the Mediterranean Squadron at Leghorn during the Queen's stay in Italy, but the Duchess will remain with Her Majesty. King Humbert and Queen Margherita will visit the Queen shortly after Easter. Though fatigued by the long journey, Her Majesty feels no evil effects from the exertion, and intends to receive an address from the British residents in Florence this week. Her Majesty has promised to patronise the Royal Naval and

Military Bazaar to be held in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hotel Métropole next May.

The Prince of Wales returned to London on Saturday from staying with Lord Sefton at Croxteth Park, Liverpool, to witness the Grand National. His horse Magic failed to win a place. In the afternoon the Prince was present at the Drawing Room held by the Princess of Wales on behalf of the Queen. Princess Victoria and Prince George of Wales, Princess Christian, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark also joined the Royal party. The Court being in mourning for the late German Emperor, the Princess of Wales wore black silk and tulle, with a black and gold brocade train, and several of the jewels presented to her for her Silver Wedding. Indeed, in honour of the Silver Wedding white and silver predominated in the ladies' dresses. Princess Christian was in black lace, with striped velvet bodice and train, and the Danish Crown Princess in black velvet gauze and velvet train trimmed with feathers, while Princess Victoria of Wales wore ivory-white satin and tulle. In the evening the Prince of Wales was present at the German Memorial Celebration in honour of the late Emperor William at Exeter Hall, while the Princess, with her son and daughters and the Danish Crown Prince and Princess, went to the Criterion Theatre. All the Royal party attended Divine Service on Sunday, and on Monday the Princess of Wales, with Prince George and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, visited the Royalty Theatre. Prince Albert Victor rejoined his regiment at York at the end of last week.



THE BISHOP OF RIPON is to have a Suffragan with the title of Bishop of Penrith, in the person of his Examining Chaplain, the Rev. John J. Pulleine, Hon. Canon of Ripon Cathedral, who was, 1865-8, Assistant Master at Marlborough College, and 1876-83, Organizing Secretary to the Ripon Diocesan Societies. Bishop Pulleine will take charge of the northern part of the Diocese, and this arrangement, with the creation of the new Diocese of Wakefield, will leave the Bishop of Ripon more time for important town work.

THE *Record* prints a circular, signed by Lord Lichfield, Vice-President of the Church Missionary Society, and by four other prominent members, in which it is said that "many of the best, oldest, and truest friends of the Society have for some years been pained and grieved at a tendency to depart from the old paths and from distinctively Protestant and Evangelical principles." The signatories therefore suggest that "the true friends of the Society should unite in forming themselves into a compact body pledged to attend meetings of the General Committee, and to use their utmost influence in keeping the Society in the old paths."

THE *Tablet* reports an address recently delivered by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford at a meeting of the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association, when a lecture was read in favour of cremation. The Bishop strongly disapproved of it as a deviation from the whole tradition of Christianity with the triumph of which over the Paganism of the Roman Empire interment triumphed over cremation. He was in favour, however, of a reform of the present system, of the disuse of the vaults and mausoleums, and the use of coffins that speedily admit the earth. Earth was a disinfectant, and bodies placed in perishable coffins, and deposited in the earth, would in a few years disappear.

MORE THAN 700 Church office-bearers of the Baptist Communion have signed an appeal to Mr. Spurgeon, urging him to avert from the Denomination the evils which they fear will accompany the appeal to the Baptist Union referred to in this column last week.—The Special Committee appointed by the last Wesleyan Conference to consider what could be done to promote fraternal union, as a step towards ultimate organic union, between all the Methodist bodies, have adopted resolutions among the recommendations contained in which is one to the effect that the Wesleyan Conference should receive representatives from the Primitive Methodist, New Connection and Bible Christian Conferences, and from the annual assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches.

THE PLYMOUTH COMMITTEE of the Armada Tercentenary celebration have, in addition to their originally local programme, resolved to arrange for the erection of a window in St. Margaret's, Westminster, commemorative of the great event.



THE Easter novelties are not very numerous. This evening the HAYMARKET reopens with Messrs. Wills and Grundy's new play, *The Pompadour*, which is to present Mr. Beerbohm-Tree in a very elaborate study of character. Scenery and costumes illustrative of the Court and manners in France in the reign of Louis XV. are expected to be features of special interest. DRURY LANE which, like the Haymarket, the St. James's, the Opera Comique, the Lyceum, Toole's, and the Globe has been closed during the week, re-opens to-night with a revival of *The Run of Luck*, in which Miss Fortescue will, for the first time, make her appearance on this stage. At the ST. JAMES'S, which reopens on Monday, the production of the late Mr. Lovell's play, *The Wife's Secret*, is postponed for a few days. This is a poetical drama of the Sheridan Knowles school, which has not been seen on our stage for some years.

The "novice" who is going to play the little child Daisy Lomax in Mr. Burnand's burlesque of *Ariane* at the STRAND Theatre will be at least a novelty among "novices," and altogether an infant phenomenon of a very remarkable kind. More than this, regarding one of the profoundest secrets of the stage at this moment we are forbidden to divulge. *Airry Anne* as this skit is called, will be produced on or about Wednesday in Easter week by way of after-piece to *Katti*.

Miss Mary Anderson took a farewell on Saturday evening of her English admirers, who gathered in great force, and overwhelmed her with demonstrations of regard. She is not to be again among us for a twelvemonth, or perhaps more, and then we are to prepare for another Shakespearean revival. The immensely popular lady, in the few parting words delivered on the occasion, referred with just satisfaction to the fact that she had given 166 consecutive representations of *The Winter's Tale*—a circumstance, beyond all question, without any parallel from the days of the poet down to these times.

Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have completed their round of engagements in the United States, and are now on their way home. The company will reappear in *Faust* at the LYCEUM on Saturday, the 14th prox. Undaunted by the rather lukewarm reception accorded to the revival of *Werner* at the Westland Marston benefit, Mr. Irving will, it is said, bring out this tragedy as the evening entertainment before the season closes in July.

Miss GENEVIEVE Ward will have possession on Monday of the LYCEUM Theatre for six nights only. She will re-appear with

Mr. W. H. Vernon in *Forget-me-Not*, and also in Mr. Charles Reade's *Nance Oldfield*. On Saturday afternoon next she will produce a play new to the London stage, entitled *The Loadstone*. It is the joint production of Mr. Vernon and Mr. Edgar Pemberton.

To the *Death*, the version of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, produced by Mr. Rutland Barrington last week at a morning performance at the OLYMPIC, proved to be an exciting and interesting drama. The play was a decided success, and was excellently performed by, among others, Mr. Julian Cross, Mr. Frank Rodney, Mr. Barrington, Miss Emily Cross, Miss Jessie Bond (excellent as a mischievous hoyden of sixteen), Miss Helen Leyton, and Miss Florence West, who gave a picturesque study of the vendetta-seeking Marita.

An adaptation of *Bootles' Baby* will, with the approval of the author, be the novelty at the ROYALTY, when that theatre re-opens under the joint-direction of Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Edith Woodworth.

We are informed that it is intended to play *Christina* at the OLYMPIC for some time longer. Miss Rose Leclercq, who goes to the Haymarket, will be succeeded by Miss Henrietta Lindley in the part of Nina the Nihilist.

Frankenstein will be played for five weeks longer at the GAIETY. On April 28th Miss Nelly Farren and the rest of the Gaiety company start for Australia. There will be a special *matinée* of *Monte Christo Junior*, next Wednesday.

Miss Helen Barry, who is about to proceed to America, will appear at the PRINCE OF WALES' Theatre next Tuesday in a new drama by Malcolm Watson, called *Held Asunder*. At the same theatre, this evening, *Dorothy* will be preceded by a new *vaudeville*, adapted from the French by B. C. Stephenson, entitled *Warranted Burglar Proof*.

At the CRITERION there will be a special *matinée* of *The Two Roses* on Easter Monday.

The NOVELTY reopens this evening with the farcical comedy, *Nita's First*.

Mr. Samuel Brandram will give a series of recitals at the STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, at 3 P.M., on eight successive Saturday afternoons, beginning April 7th and ending May 26th. The recitals will comprise selections from portions of Shakespeare's plays, as well as readings from Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, and other writers.

SLEDGING THROUGH SIBERIA

"BUT won't it be cold?" It is a very inoffensive question, but it grows somewhat monotonous and exasperating when it has been repeated by a score or two of well-intentioned friends in varying tones of remonstrance and warning. It was in the height of the Shanghai summer, with the thermometer high up in the nineties, that my future travelling companion, the late Mr. Charles Joseph Uren, first expatiated to me upon the entrancing interest and the thrilling and delightful perils of a mid-winter journey through the heart of Asiatic Russia. He was as ignorant of the nature of the journey as I was myself; but a few well-directed inquiries convinced us both that there were no insuperable difficulties, and towards the end of the following December we began to realise the truth of those friendly warnings which we had so ungratefully received. We had arrived in Vladivostok by Japanese mail steamer some five weeks before; we had provided ourselves with an outfit of deer-skins, sheepskins, fur-lined gloves with undivided fingers, dogskin socks, camel-hair stockings, felt boots, fur caps, and various other requisites for keeping out the cold; and we had invested seventy roubles in a sledge which, if somewhat rude and clumsy, seemed to our inexperienced eyes quite strong enough to convey us and our baggage safely over the five thousand miles or so of ice-bound rivers and snow-clad roads which lay between us and the Ekaterinburg-Tiumen Railway.

But the snow and ice had been unusually late in coming. It was not till the third week in December that a fierce *pourga* covered the ground with a thick fleece of snow, and even then the ice stretched but half-way across the magnificent Vladivostok harbour, so that we had to commence our journey by land instead of cutting across a piece of the ocean in the customary way of westward-bound travellers from the port.

Our stay in Vladivostok had been interesting enough. With its host of officers—military, naval, and civil—all in uniform, its large pigtailed population of Chinese, and its crowds of Korean coolies with their hair bound up in the curious knot on the top of the head which distinguishes the race, the port presented plenty of interesting sights; and we had relieved the monotony of our stay with a week's deer-shooting in the wild, uninhabited country to the northward—a party of six of us cooped up by night in the little eight-foot square cabin of the sloop *Anna*, and by day stalking the deer or tracing the footprints of the tigers in the snow.

At length, after an infinity of troubles and delays, our passports and travel-permits are all in order; our luggage is carefully packed in the bottom of the sledge, and we are stretched out upon it in our furs. On the comfortable box-seat the first of our yemshiks curls up his legs as best he may, and the first of our troikas gallops away up the hills behind the port. It is a wonderful organisation, the posting system of Siberia. All across the continent, from the Pacific to the Urals, and between all important towns, at distances varying from eight to thirty miles, are post-stations, where on presentation of a passport the traveller can demand the use of horses and a yemshik, or pass the traveller can demand the use of horses and a yemshik, or pass the driver, to carry him one stage upon his journey. Sometimes, if he is not a courier, and frequently if he is neither a courier nor a Government officer, he may be kept waiting for a few hours or days; but eventually he will get his horses at a very low tariff rate. Fraud on the part of the station-master is all but impossible. The traveller can live rent free at any station till his horses come, and though there are no beds, this is a luxury easily dispensed with. As a rule the guest-rooms at the stations are tolerably clean; the use of the samovar, or tea-urn, may be had for a few kopeks, and the use of the cooking-stove for a few kopeks more.

Frozen behind our sledge was a box containing a goodly supply of frozen viands ready for thawing at the stations; and, despite the ever-increasing cold, Siberian sledging seemed at first an enjoyable and exhilarating mode of travelling. On the second day after leaving the coast we arrived at the great shallow sheet of water known as the Khanka Lake. Miniature mountain ranges some twenty feet high, formed of jagged masses of ice, stretched away across the smooth surface of the lake, and bore witness to the fury of the storm which had broken up the first ice that formed. The sledging road was marked out by little branches of trees stuck in the ice on either side. We were to see many thousands of these little branches before our journey was done, for on every river and lake, on every steppe and plain, where, in a snow-storm, the road might be obliterated, it is thus distinguished. Hundreds of thousands of branches are used for this purpose, and hundreds of men are employed at the beginning of every winter in thus marking out the roads.

From the low banks of the lake the land stretched away for miles and miles without a hill; and the lonely post-stations, with not another house in sight, and no signs of human life around, with the exception of one or two broken-down sledges, presented a depressing scene of desolation; and, after seventy miles of sledging on its surface, we were glad to leave the lake behind. For fifteen hundred miles our course now lay along the great Amur River and its tributaries. On Christmas Day we arrived at Khabaravka, the military head-quarters of Eastern Siberia; and next evening we

were once more upon the river. The turbid waters at the meeting of the Ussuri and Amur had formed huge tumbled blocks of jagged ice; and over these our three horses, now harnessed tandem, laboriously made their way.

Nearing Blagovestchensk, the Amur capital, we encountered new troubles from the lack of snow. Stationmasters insisted that we should take to wheeled, springless waggons, and leave our sledge behind. Sometimes five horses dragged us over the frozen, stony, snowless track, jolting and bumping us till every bone was aching; and at last, when only twelve miles from the town, we had to yield to fate, ensconce ourselves in a tarantas, or springless waggon, and leave our sledge to come behind us empty.

Five days we remained in Blagovestchensk, revelling in the hospitality of new-made friends, and then once more we took to the ice, travelling night and day whenever horses could be had, sleeping, despite the cold, in our open-fronted sledge. Day by day the thermometer fell lower, till at last, as we neared Stretensk, the spirit registered 42 deg. Réaumur, equivalent to 62 deg. Fahr., or 94 deg. of frost. Every yemshik who drove bore the scars of frost-bite on his cheeks or nose or chin. My own nose did not escape scot-free, and my companion, though more fortunate in this respect, had frequently to invoke my assistance to unravel him, his moustache and beard and the fur collar of his coat being welded into an almost inseparable mass by the congealed moisture of his breath. On waking in the morning, we frequently found our eyelids glued together with ice, and we had to thaw them with our fingers before we could look about us.

Some five weeks' sledging brought us to the shores of the frozen Baikal Sea. Then for thirty miles we heard the moaning of the waves under the ice beneath our sledge, and for half this distance saw the shores fade away behind us till we were nearly out of sight of land. Hence onward our course was constantly impeded by vast caravans of freight-sledges, bringing tea westward from China, by way of the great Mongolian Desert, or taking Western Russian produce to the East. Day and night the weary-looking horses plodded on, never resting, while frequently the sudden swerving of our horses from the roadway would call our attention to the stiff, frozen carcass of some poor freight-horse which had fallen out from its caravan and been left to die.

Soon after leaving the Baikal behind we had a foretaste of Western civilisation at the fine city of Irkutsk; and a fortnight more brought us to Tomsk, the still finer capital of Western Siberia. Henceforth horses were good and plentiful, and though the roads were such as human being never saw outside Siberia, we found it easy to keep up for a week on end an average of over a hundred and fifty miles a day.

It was exactly nine weeks since we had left Vladivostok when at length the lights of Tiumen streets appeared in the distance, and we knew that we had at last reached the country of railways. The Tiumen-Ekaterinburg line is, however, but five hundred miles in length, and we had yet to sledge some six or seven hundred miles, principally over the waters of the Volga, before reaching Nijni Novgorod, the terminus of the Moscow Railway.

During the nine weeks since leaving the Pacific Coast we had sledged over more than four thousand six hundred miles of snow and ice, and had used nearly a thousand horses, changing at upwards of three hundred stations; and if at times we felt that the interesting features of the journey had hardly been sufficient to fully compensate us for its monotony and fatigue, at least we had the satisfaction of reflecting that we had accomplished a feat in which scarcely a single living Englishman had preceded us. But it was a triumph which cost my companion dear. Before the journey was at an end Mr. Uren, from whose sketches the accompanying illustrations have been made, knew that he had contracted or developed during the rigorous Siberian winter the germs of a disease of the lungs, from which he could scarcely hope to recover; but he bore up with indomitable pluck against his ever increasing weakness. He died at Penzance in the autumn of last year.

LIONEL F. GOWING



DRAWINGS OF OXFORD

WE have not lately seen a more attractive collection of works by a single artist than the series of forty water-colours and as many pencil-drawings, by Mr. J. Fulleylove, just opened to view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery. They represent, with conscientious fidelity and great artistic skill, many of the most picturesque and most interesting localities in Oxford. The comprehensive view of "Magdalen College" and its surroundings, and the large drawing of "Brasenose, with St. Mary's and the Radcliffe," are correctly designed and strikingly true in local colour. In each case the point of view is well chosen, and the right relative value of each element of the work to the rest most carefully observed. It is, however, in the quaint quadrangles, the gardens, and crumbling cloisters of the ancient colleges that Mr. Fulleylove has found matter most congenial to his taste. The views of "The Tom Quad at Christchurch," of "New College Cloisters," and of "Oriel College, with Merton Tower," are perhaps the best of many drawings of the kind remarkable for their refined beauty and truth of tone, as well as for their picturesque antiquity and the feeling of repose that pervades them. Of two views of "The Garden Front of St. John's," seen from a distance, we prefer the smaller; but both are spacious in effect and finely modulated in colour. The few interiors in the collection are not in any degree inferior to the outdoor views. The drawings of the "Bodleian Library, looking towards the Entrance," and of "Merton College Library" are accurate in detail, full of suffused light, and strikingly true in local colour. The pencil-drawings will repay careful examination. They are varied in subject, and among them are many faithful and thoroughly artistic renderings of picturesque old buildings destined soon to be demolished.

"FAIR AND FAMOUS FONTAINEBLEAU"

IN a series of thirty-three oil pictures now on view at the Goupil Gallery, Mr. J. Haynes-Williams has illustrated in a very faithful and rather prosaic way the interior of the Palace of Fontainebleau. Many of the rooms that he has depicted are highly interesting by reason of the historical associations connected with them, but they retain little of their original character. Thrice-carved Renaissance marble chimney-piece in the "Salles des Gardes," and the mediæval tapestries in "Gone" and in "Pages in Waiting," are quite overpowered by their more modern surroundings—the *rococo* wall decorations of the latter part of the last century, and the pseudo-classical furniture of the time of the First Empire. No discordant fact is in these works suppressed or modified, every individual feature being represented with uncompromising fidelity and great imitative skill. In many other pictures huge mirrors, gilded cornices, crystal chandeliers, and their reflections in waxed and polished floors are rendered with realistic truth. In some instances the artist has endeavoured to infuse human interest into his work, but the very few figures that he has introduced are almost as lifeless as the inanimate objects about them. The perspective in all the pictures is correct, and the handling firm and decisive.



AFTER a morning sitting on Tuesday the House of Commons separated for the Easter recess. The Lords, with habitual alacrity in similar circumstances, had commenced their holiday after the sitting of Friday. Their lordships will probably take their pleasure sadly, with the consciousness that since the Session opened they have not done anything particular, except emphatically reject a proposal put before them by Lord Rosebery to set their House in order. The Commons, on the contrary, enter upon their holidays with the consciousness, the more pleasant because so rare, of really having got through business. At this time last year the House was still grinding away at the Coercion Bill. Legislation was at a standstill, and the depth of misery was reached when it was discovered that there was to be no Easter holiday. Of course there was a necessary adjournment over Good Friday. During the holiday of obstruction the House had more than once sat into Sunday morning, on one memorable occasion thereby exciting the ire of that devotee, Mr. Philip Callan. But things were last year not yet ripe for a Good Friday sitting, and accordingly the House adjourned over that day, beginning again in the following week. On Tuesday, when the adjournment for the Easter Holidays took place, the holidays extended for something over a week, the House not meeting again till Thursday next.

On Friday last there were some interesting signs that obstruction is not dead, but only sleeping. The occasion for the threatened revival was the Bill providing a salary for the Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. If opposition to this measure were confined strictly to the Irish ranks it would in present circumstances make very little headway. The Irishmen are so strictly on their good behaviour just now, that, as has been proved in half-a-dozen cases in this still young Session, they have not presumed to stand out even for an hour against the general feeling of the House. But in respect to the salary of Colonel King-Harman they are supported not only by the active sympathy of the Liberal Opposition, but by the manifest lukewarmness of the party to whom the Government might look for support in this as in other measures. The case is full of difficulty for those officially bound to support it. In the first place, it was left to Mr. Balfour to discover the necessity for the appointment of a new Minister. No one would assert that the present condition of affairs in Ireland imposes more labour upon the Chief Secretary than was experienced by Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. John Morley, and, above all, Mr. Forster. Yet these right honourable gentlemen carried on the work of the office with precisely the assistance available in the halcyon days when Sir Robert Peel resigned the post of Chief Secretary, on the specific ground that he had not enough work to do. In the next place, there was the definite pledge, more than once given last year, in answer to suspicious inquiries, that it was not intended to attach any salary to the new office, which was described as purely honorary. Lastly, the political history of the new Minister, written in incontestible public records, is such that, whilst it excites the boundless wrath of the Irish members, good Conservatives cannot, with a light heart, undertake to defend the appointment.

Thus it came to pass that the Irish members, developing with infinite skill and address their old tactics, occupied the whole of Thursday night, ostensibly in discussing the measure dealing with Criminal Evidence, but actually blocking the King-Harman Salary Bill. This was a variation from the Mode of Procedure now established, which excited much attention, and was not without its immediate effect. On Friday night, as usual, Supply was put down as the first order of the day, and on it were founded a number of amendments. When the amendments were disposed of, the Orders would be reached, and as Supply was not needed, the next measures on the Orders would come to the front. Prominent among them loomed the familiar figure of the King-Harman Salary Bill, a fact which controlled the course of the sitting. Mr. Healy had by way of precaution placed among the amendments one raising the comprehensive question of the administration of the law of Ireland. If the Government intended to work through the amendments, and get on to the Orders, Mr. Healy would open the debate he had in store, and long experience convinced Mr. Smith that the conversation could be easily extended up to midnight, after which hour it would be impossible to take opposed business. The Irish members thus having the whip-hand, Mr. Smith beat a strategic retreat. It was privately made known that the Salary Bill would not be taken. Mr. Healy, therefore, refrained from raising the illimitable question of the administration of the law in Ireland, everything was run through in business-like fashion, and by half-past seven the House was counted out.

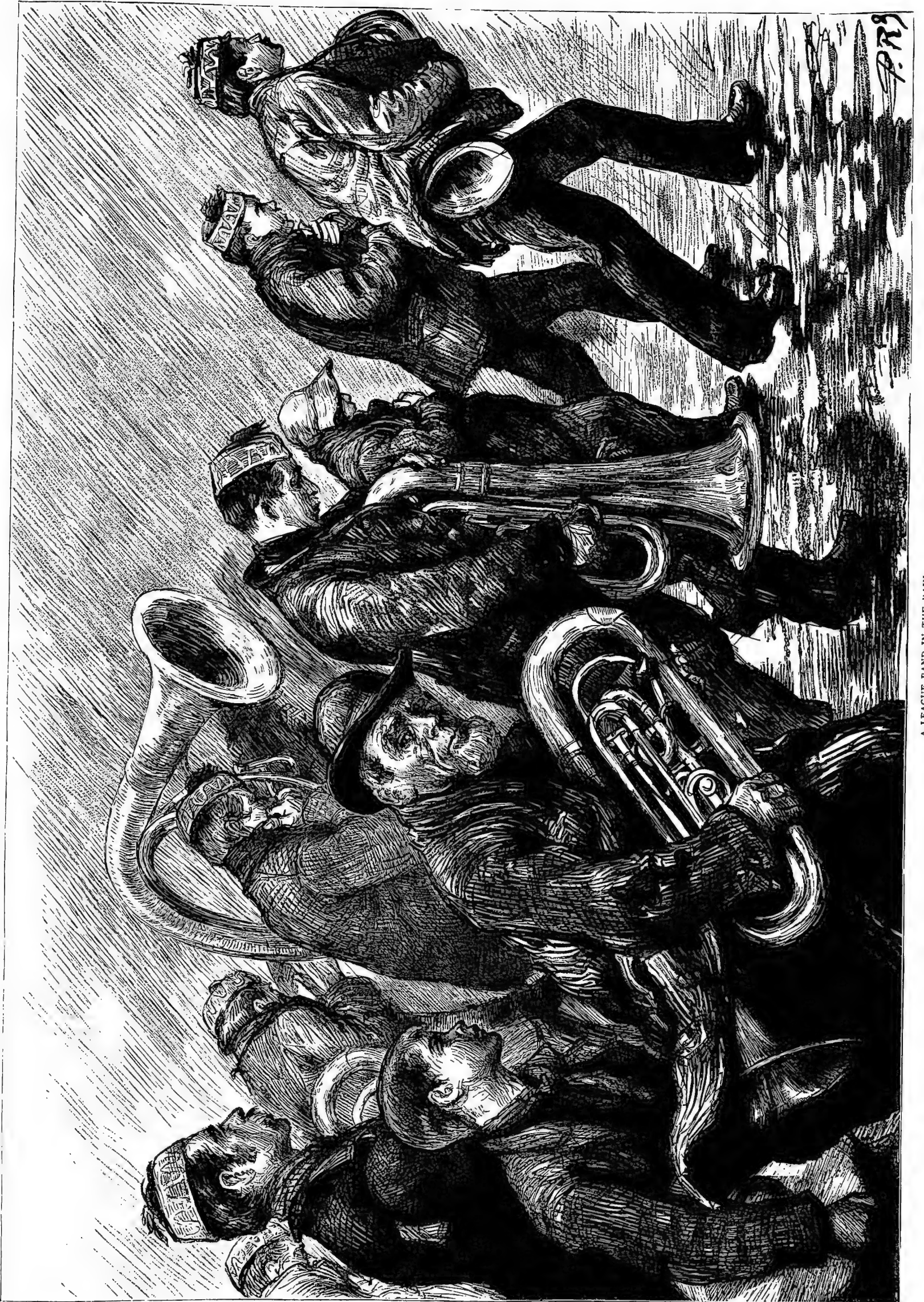
But in the interval between this happy event and the Speaker taking the chair a great deal had happened. Mr. Bradlaugh, who bids fair to be the most successful legislator of the Session, was in charge of the first amendment on the paper, which proposed the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the existing system of pensions. The scandal of pensions is an old, old story, told in the House of Commons for generations. It was one of the questions to which Mr. Bradlaugh attached himself when he first took his seat. He pegged away at it Session after Session, but could make no way. The House of Commons is a very different assembly from what it was only last year; and on Friday night, in the course of a debate that lasted very little over two hours, the death-blow was given to a scandal that has with increasing force clung to the British Constitution since the time of Henry the Third. Mr. Bradlaugh's motion was seconded in a bold and comprehensive speech, full of Radical sentiments, delivered from the Conservative benches by Mr. Jennings, the Tory member for Stockport. These two speeches, full of fervour and of instances of the operation of the iniquitous system still in vogue, settled the question. No body of responsible men, after listening for an hour and a half to such stories as were poured forth by Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Jennings, would decline to take action. Mr. Smith, with a promptness that has before been adopted with happiest effect, at once interposed, and, with an interpolation that greatly strengthened the resolution, accepted it. Mr. Gladstone gave voice to the chorus of approval with which this course was observed, and in comfortable advance of the dinner hour the thing was settled. If this kind of thing is to become habitual in the Commons, the House of Lords must look to its laurels, hitherto gained as the model business assembly.

On Monday night Mr. Goschen brought in his budget in a speech three hours and three-quarters long. This seems prodigious. But those who listened to the enormous mass of detail marshalled and disposed of by the right hon. gentleman, might well wonder that the speech could be so brief. The scheme was intricate beyond all precedent, involving as it did not only exposition of the Imperial Budget, but the disposal of the local budget, created by the new Local Government Bill. Briefly put, Mr. Goschen, withdrawing from the Local Treasury grants-in-aid to the amount of 2,600,000l. gives with the other hand, in relief of local taxation, the magnificent sum of five millions and a-half, drawn partly from one-half of the Probate duties to be made over to the counties, by the transfer of certain licenses and duties, old and new. As far as the general taxpayer is concerned, increased duties are put upon vehicles. The old tax upon horses is renewed. New companies, under the Limited Liabilities Act, are to be taxed on registration.



CHILDREN CARRYING TURF TO PAY THEIR SCHOOL FEES

STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND—VI.
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



A LEAGUE BAND IN THE RAIN
STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND—VI.
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

Foreign Securities will be taxed. Foreign wine in bottles is put up five shillings a dozen, whilst, on the other hand, a penny is taken off the income tax. That, of course, is not all Mr. Goschen said in three hours and three-quarters. But it covers the principal proposals of a Budget scheme which elicited a general approval, and added a new content to the satisfaction with which, on Tuesday afternoon, members dispersed for the Easter holidays.



CAMBRIDGE did well last week. On Friday her champions won five out of nine events at the inter-University sports at Lillie Bridge. It was considered certain that the Light Blues would carry off the Weight and the Hammer, and probable that they would secure the 100 Yards and the Hurdles, but the success of Oxford in the remaining five events was generally anticipated. But in the Broad Jump public form was completely upset. Neither of the Oxford representatives, who had both jumped over 21 feet at their home sports, could clear 20 feet at the Queen's Club, and Kendall won the event and the sports for his University with the fair leap of 20 feet 10 inches. The best performance of the day, however, was that of the Dark Blue, Montgomery, in the High Jump. He cleared 5 feet 10½ inches—a performance second only in these sports to the wonderful 6 feet 2½ inches of "Brooks of Brasenose."

It was not so surprising, of course, that Cambridge should follow up this success by winning the Boat Race next day. Odds of 4 to 1 were betted on the Light Blues at the start, and these were amply justified by the event, as the favourites led all the way, and paddled home the easiest of winners in the good time of 20 min. 48 secs. The chief interest of the race lay in the difference between the styles of the two crews. It was the triumph of utility over beauty. The Cambridge Eight were inclined to be round in the backs, they "screwed" somewhat, and their feather was by no means too clean. But then they worked like tigers, they made full use of their long (15 inch) slides, and consequently they got far more pace on their boat than did the Oxford crew with all their neatness. So that the Boat Race of 1888 may mark an epoch in University rowing. Cambridge also beat Oxford by four games to love in the double-handed racquet match. Against these successes of her rival Oxford can only set a victory in the Chess contest.

THE TURF.—Twenty horses went to the post for the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool on Friday last week. Of these, Usna started favourite, but Chancellor, The Badger, Frigate, and Ringlet were all well backed. The race, however, fell to an outsider in Mr. E. W. Baird's Playfair, against whom 40 to 1 was on offer at the start. Frigate, who was greatly interfered with during the race, was second, a position which she filled both in 1884 and 1885. Ballot Box, who for a long time before the race had been favourite in the betting, was third, and Ringlet fourth. On Thursday Bonnie Lassie, in spite of her 12st. 10lbs., secured the Liverpool Hurdle Handicap, Lisbon won the Prince of Wales's Plate, Mellifont being second as usual, and Coronet was successful in the Liverpool Hunt Steeplechase. Gazelle won the Molyneux Stakes, and Wise Man the Union Jack Stakes. On the Grand National day Spoleta won the Sefton Park Stakes, and Chilperich the Hylton Handicap. On Saturday the Sefton and Croxeth Free Steeplechase fell to Chancery, and the Champion Steeplechase to Johnny Longtail, while the Liverpool Spring Cup, the chief event of the day, was taken by Sir George Chetwynd's Plantagenet, Kilcreene being second, and The Sage third.

FOOTBALL.—Thirty-eight matches played, thirty-seven victories and one drawn match—such was the record of the famous Preston North End eleven when they appeared at the Oval on Saturday to play West Bromwich Albion in the final tie of the Football Association Cup. Bnt again fortune failed to favour them; and again, as last year, they did not play quite up to their high standard, and so were beaten by two goals to one. The Albion Team well deserve their victory, as this was the third year in succession that they had arrived at the final stage.—On the same day, Scotland beat Ireland, as it had never yet failed to do, by ten goals to two.

BILLIARDS.—Sala was in wonderful form in his all-in match with Bennett at the Aquarium last week. He made a break of 1,012, he beat Peall's record for consecutive screwback spot strokes by accomplishing a run of 186, and finally defeated the ex-Champion, who was quite out of practice at the "spot," by 3,707 points. North beat Mitchell in their spot-barred match last week, and is this week endeavouring to concede Peall 850 in 8,500 in a similar contest. Roberts is playing McNeill.

LAWN TENNIS.—That veteran player, E. G. Meers, whose play seems really marvellous when it is remembered that he only took to the game about four years ago, defeated H. Clipp after a hard struggle, in the final tie of the Covered Court Championship Tournament. He quite failed, however, to extend the champion, E. W. Lewis, in the championship round, and the latter won by three sets to love, and consequently retains the title.

LACROSSE.—A team of the Toronto L.C. arrived in England this week for a brief tour. They will probably be able to teach our players something even now, though the game is fairly well established by this time.—England beat Ireland on Saturday.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The six days (eight hours a day) race between Cowboys and Cyclists ended in favour of the horsemen, who covered 892 miles in the forty-eight hours.—The Committee of the M.C.C. have decided to make no change at present in the law of leg-before-wicket.



THE MESSRS. LONGMAN obtained, on Tuesday, from Mr. Justice Chitty, an injunction to restrain a publishing firm from issuing an unauthorised edition of Lord Beaconsfield's "Coningsby," of which they hold the copyright. It was stated in Court that the copyright of that work will expire next Primrose Day, April 12th, seven years from the date of Lord Beaconsfield's decease.

AN ACTION FOR LIBEL was brought last week by a Miss Dallas against the proprietor of the *Era*, in which journal she had been charged with not taking due care of some children, several of them very young, whom she had employed in a theatrical tour for children's performances. The presiding Judge, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, animadverted pretty severely on the plaintiff's procedure, and intimated that in his opinion the criticisms on it in the *Era* were deserved. The jury, however, gave a verdict in her favour, with 40s. damages; and Lord Coleridge said that he would not deprive her of her costs; though, if he had been asked to nonsuit her at the close of her case, he would certainly have done so. The proprietor of the *Era* had given notice of his intention to apply for a new trial; but, meanwhile, there was published in it a rather strong article commenting on the contrast between Lord Coleridge's view of the case

and that taken by the jury. On the part of the plaintiff the Queen's Bench Division have since been moved to commit the proprietor of the *Era* for contempt of Court in publishing the article, as an attempt to interfere with the course of justice, since a new trial was being applied for. Mr. Justice Field and Mr. Justice Stephen concurred in refusing the motion, on the ground that the article, though injudicious, had been printed after, not before or pending, the trial of the action, in which latter event it would have been punishable. As to the new trial, the application for it might be refused; but, even if it were granted, a considerable time must elapse before it came on, and then it was not probable that any jurymen would remember or be influenced by the article. The decision of the Queen's Bench Division is important for the Press, since, had the plaintiff's application been granted, any frank journalistic comment on a trial actually concluded might be punishable if a new trial were spoken of.

THE COURT OF APPEAL have had before it the decision of the Divisional Court, reported in this column at the time, not to allow the Institution of Civil Engineers the exemption from income-tax asked for on the statutory ground that it existed for the promotion of science, the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Field, holding that it was supported for the promotion of a particular branch of knowledge, in order to enable civil engineers to practise with greater success. The Court of Appeal have reversed this decision. The Master of the Rolls, in giving judgment, said that the institution had a much higher object than that of making people civil engineers. The questions discussed at its meetings were questions of high science, a knowledge of which would not necessarily make a man a good working member of the profession. The main object of the institution was the promotion of science, and its income being used for that purpose was entitled to exemption. Lord Justice Fry concurred, but Lord Justice Lopes dissented, agreeing with the Judges of the Court below.

IT MAY BE NEWS to many authors and proprietors of journals and periodicals that there is not necessarily a copyright in the title of a book, or other publication. As regards the press, for instance, the law as laid down by Lord Westbury is, that the proprietor of a newspaper does not acquire an exclusive right to its name until he has enjoyed the use of it by sale to such an extent that the name connotes something to intending purchasers. Acting on this view the Court of Appeal have upheld the decision of Mr. Justice North, who refused an application by the Licensed Victuallers' Company to restrain the publication of a *Licensed Victualler's Mirror*, started on the 6th of February last, because they had three days earlier begun to issue a publication with that title. Mr. Justice North held that, there being no copyright in the name of a newspaper, the only right the plaintiffs could have would be to restrain the defendants from selling their goods as the plaintiffs' goods. That could only be if the plaintiffs had established a reputation in the market in which the goods were sold, and there was not sufficient evidence that this had been done to justify the grant of injunction.

A LICENSED DEALER in game carrying on business in Pimlico was summoned at the Westminster Police-Court—the prosecutors being the Field Sports' Protection Society—charged with exposing for sale in his shop two partridges after the expiration of ten days on which it became lawful to kill or take such game. The defence was that the birds were imported from Russia, where there is no close time, and that an Act to stop poaching in England was not intended to restrict the sale in England of game killed in another country. The magistrate said that he had no option but to convict, as there was no exemption in the Act in favour of the sale of any foreign game. However, it was agreed that a friendly mandamus should be applied for, calling on him to state a case for the decision of a superior court on a matter so important to dealers in game.



ENGLISH TOBACCO.—Evidence accumulates in favour of tobacco-culture in the United Kingdom. A correspondent writes:—"I recently came upon some tobacco grown by a friend in his garden at Teignmouth. I found it in a box reeking with water. I obtained permission to show him how to tie it up, and also how to hang it up for a month in a greenhouse to cure. His gardener made a very fair job of it, and I have seen worse tobacco sent into the great Richmond market, in Virginia. This tobacco had all the makings of a real good article—nice colour, and sweet scent. If tobacco like that can be grown in England, why not at once set about producing some? I am putting such a crop at 1,500 lb. per acre at fivepence per pound, which will realise the sum of 31½ s. I am putting the cost of growing, curing, and every expense that the farmer incurs before it is ready for market, and feel justified in saying that it will not exceed 22½ p. per acre, leaving a balance of 9½ s. profit. That field is now in the very best state for sowing wheat, as tobacco supplies the very best material for the full growth of that plant, and both in weight and straw will show to advantage. Tobacco land will always result in a stand of clover, sown either in the autumn with the wheat, or in the following spring. Tobacco cannot be eaten by any animal; it does not injure by keeping; rats and mice leave it alone; it requires no thatching or threshing machine, or expensive harvesting." We may add that it is very free from insect pests; we do not know of a single caterpillar which feeds upon its leaves. In America, however, "worming" is one of the tasks that involves expense.

AGRICULTURAL PRICES.—A glance at the corn exchanges is not encouraging. Barley maintains a fair price, but wheat and oats are so low as to cause the utmost despondence among growers, while there is nothing in the market quotations for beans, peas, or rye to tempt owners to extend the cultivation of those staples. Outside the area of the meal market, however, things appear to be showing some improvement. Meat is dearer this Easter tide than it was in February. Best beasts now make quite 4s. 8d. per stone, and best Downs and half-breeds 5s. 4d. to 5s. 6d. One cause of this may be found in the ease with which store stock can be held over if prices are not satisfactory. With best English linseed-cake to be had for 7½ s. 10s., and decorticated cotton-cake at 6½ s. 6d. per ton, it is much easier to hold firmly than in years when spring prices for cake and feeding stuffs were twenty per cent. above their present range. With respect to the sale of live stock, good store bullocks have commanded very satisfactory prices, and, in the dairy districts, milch cows have sold exceedingly well. We hear of horses selling well, and altogether the year is not so much against the farmer as, from its general inclemency, might have been supposed.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PLANT IMPROVERS other than professional nurserymen is to be found in the history of the Square Head wheat. This now famous variety, of which the origin has only just been detailed, was first discovered growing by Mr. Scholey, of Goole, in a garden wheat plot near his native town. Mr. Scholey bought the seed and had it saved. This was in 1866 or 1867, and in the third year of selection, being helped also by a favourable season, a yield of 81 bushels, 63 lbs. to the bushel, was obtained from an acre of land. Successive selections and trials during 1869, 1870, 1871, and 1872 convinced Mr. Scholey that the selected and developed Square Head was proving superior to the Kessingland Red,

to the Rough Chaffed White, Hunter's White, Golden Drop, and Fenton wheat. In 1873, it beat the famous Browick wheat, sworn by in many parts of Essex, by over ten bushels on the acre. Satisfied by these experiments of what we may term the intrinsic excellence of the variety, Mr. Scholey has continued to develop it until it now has characteristics of early ripening, and of strong, erect straw, which increases its value very materially. Seeing the steady rise in the importance of the straw of wheat, Mr. Scholey has latterly given this particular attention. The straw now is very bright and strong, and stands nearly five feet in height on well-nourished soils. These great improvements have been made simply as the result of care, observation, and interest. They have been within the reach of thousands of farmers, and the example is here detailed, not only for its own interest, but in the hope that similar experiments will be made by ordinary growers.



DEATH OF MR. WALTER BACHE.—A large number of friends and admirers will deeply regret to hear of the sudden death on Monday, from a chill caught a few days previously, of the well-known pianist Mr. Walter Bache. Mr. Bache was born at Birmingham on June 19th, 1842, and was the son of a Unitarian minister, and the brother of Francis Edward Bache, the prodigy violinist and composer, who played under Mendelssohn at the Birmingham Festival of 1846. After the death of his brother in 1858 Walter Bache was sent to Leipsic, where among his fellow-students were Sir Arthur Sullivan, Grieg, Carl Rosa, Franklin Taylor, J. F. Barnett, and other musicians of eminence. In 1861, in Rome, he met Liszt, and became his pupil, an event which largely influenced his after-life. Since his return to England in 1865 Mr. Walter Bache has been one of the foremost and most constant champions of the music of his beloved master annually and at his own great cost giving concerts of Liszt's music in order to popularise the works of that composer. It is indeed to Mr. Bache that we owe the first introduction to England of the oratorio *St. Elizabeth*, of several of the symphonic poems, and other important works. Apart from his pet hobby Mr. Bache was one of the most genial and most amiable of men, and he was universally beloved and respected.

M. TSCHAIKOWSKY.—The *début* at the Philharmonic concert last week of the eminent Russian composer, M. Peter Tchaikowsky, resulted, more or less, in a disappointment. Tchaikowsky, who is a man of forty-eight, was Anton Rubinstein's favourite pupil at St. Petersburg, and is celebrated as a musician of original genius, who, like most other Russians, from Glinka downwards, makes great use of national dance-forms, and even of the real Russian folk-song. His best works are said to be his symphonies, his second pianoforte concerto, his violin concerto, his symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini," and particularly a patriotic overture written to celebrate the Retreat from Moscow. It is in one of those works that he undoubtedly should have made his *début* before an audience who knew him only by his early pianoforte concerto, and by some of his chamber-pieces. Instead, M. Tchaikowsky contributed to the Philharmonic programme only a couple of *ad captandum* pieces, which had already proved to the taste of the volatile Parisians, and would accordingly be wholly unsuited to a serious English audience. In one of those pieces—a "Serenade" for strings—the composer has needlessly handicapped himself by refusing to take advantage of the full orchestra. It was, perhaps, for this reason that, after a promising opening-movement, in the form of the first allegro of a sonata, the interest gradually fell off. The valse which stood in place of the scherzo proved to be of poor stuff, and the slow movement dubbed "Elegia" was as unlike an elegy as anything could well be. In the *finale* a real Russian melody was utilised, and matters were improved. M. Tchaikowsky likewise conducted a theme with a dozen variations, which forms the *finale* to his third orchestral suite. Some of these variations show considerable technical ability, notably one in which the solo-violin prominently figures.

CLOSE OF THE POPULAR CONCERT SEASON.—The thirtieth season of Popular Concerts closed on Monday with the diversified programme usual on such occasions. It started with Brahms' Sextet, in B flat, "led" by Dr. Joachim, Boccherini's sonata in A for violoncello played by Signor Piatti, Bach's concerto for two violins played by Dr. Joachim and Madame Néruda, some of the Hungarian dances of Brahms and Joachim, and Schumann's *Carnaval*. The last was the *bonne bouche* of the programme, and as played by Madame Schumann, who is by general consent acknowledged to be the sole "authority" in the proper reading of her husband's music, it made a deep impression. The Popular Concert season which thus closed has not been prolific of novelties, nor has any great player made a *début*.

LITTLE OTTO HEGNER.—Last week we recorded the success made by the new pianoforte prodigy at an invitation recital. That success was largely increased by the result of his first public concert, given last Thursday. The manner in which this tiny child of eleven played music so difficult that no other prodigy has ever before dared to attempt it, fairly astounded an audience which was largely composed of those severest of critics—professional pianists. A more masterly performance of Liszt's transcription of the "Spinning Song," from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, has rarely been heard save from the fingers of a Rubinstein, or some other great adult player of the modern school. Equally delightful from another point of view was his rendering of a little piece by Mozart. His performance of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso"—music which a prodigy usually shirks—was also admirable, while the reading of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 22, showed that the boy had a brain power and an intelligent idea of the composer's meaning which nobody would dream of suspecting in a child of eleven.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—At the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday Mr. Manns conducted a fine performance of Beethoven's symphony in B flat, of the death march from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, and of Mr. Wingham's masterly overture "Fair laughs the Morn," which had already twice been heard at these concerts. Miss Anna Russell, a student at the Royal College of Music, made a highly successful *début* as a vocalist, and Madame Norman-Néruda played Viotti's twenty-second concerto in A minor and other violin solos.—On Friday last the Kensington Choral Society gave a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son*.—On Friday also, at the house of Mr. A. J. Balfour, Miss Emily Shinner gave a concert with the assistance of Miss Janotha and the Shinner Quartet. The party performed Brahms' quartet in F minor, Miss Janotha played Schumann's *Carnaval*, and the Shinner Quartet performed Schubert's quartet in A minor.—On Saturday evening the Sunday School Choir, numbering 1,500 voices, gave a concert at the Albert Hall, and on Monday the students of the Royal College of Music gave an orchestral concert.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Nilsson, who has recovered from her rheumatism, will leave Nice towards the end of next month for London.—Mr. Herbert Bennett, son of Mr. Joseph Bennett, the well-known critic and librettist, was on Tuesday at St. Pancras Church married to a niece of Mrs. Kendal.—The newly rebuilt Grand Theatre at Islington will be opened in the autumn by the Carl Rosa Company.—Miss Agnes Larkcom, the well-known concert soprano, will be married on the 14th prox. to Mr. Herbert Jacobs, of the Inner Temple. She will not quit the profession.

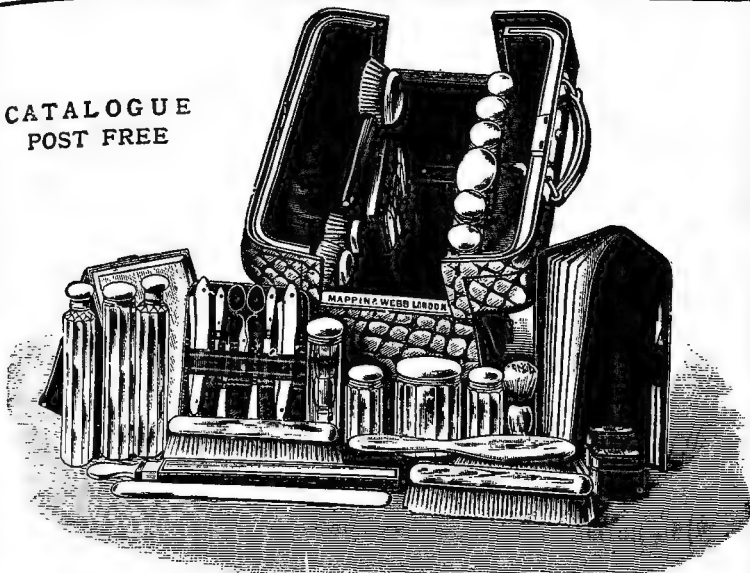
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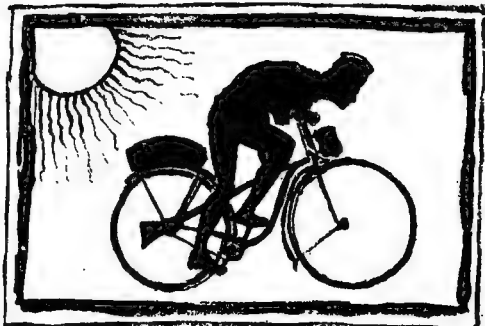
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What I mean is, that now-a-days cycling, and for that matter everything else, must be practical. If one pedals one's way around the world

it is cited as a practical feat. If a man crosses the Channel on a velocipede, he is not hailed as a crank, but the utility of the cycle is compared to that of the *Calais-Douvres* Road-riding clubs, which ought to have runs for the pleasure of their own members, have become public nuisances, and huge advertisements for enterprising manufacturers. The *Evening Standard* uses the "carrier" to deliver its papers; and yet to any one who compares its progress to that of the *Globe*, or *Echo*, or *Evening News* cart up the same street, it will seem as if its use for this purpose must be a piece of financial economy, while time apparently is no object. The Post Office, too, has adopted cycles, but though I have lived almost in sight of a large branch post-office on a good asphalt pavement I have never seen a Post-office

carrier in the neighbourhood; on the other hand, I have seen postmen, mounted on them, struggling at the rate of two or three miles an hour over the cobbles of South London. These are but a few of many examples of the abuse of a machine which is primarily a pleasure carriage.

Within the last year, however, an entirely new use for cycles in England has been suggested, and it is of this I wish to speak. It is proposed to introduce them into the Army. To the play-at-warlike Englishman, especially the leader-writer, what could be more attractive than a charge of lancers mounted on tandems, a battery of Gatling cyclists going into action,—the long thin red

made to adopt cycles for military purposes, principally by officers who happened to be riders. In Germany, in the town of Strasburg, for example, there was, at least a year ago, a regular cycle corps for carrying messages from one outlying fort to another, where horses, the telegraph, and the telephone were, for one reason or another, not available. But the first extensively noted use of cycles in any army was in the French autumn manoeuvres of 1886, though the French authorities admitted they had got their ideas from Germany. The result of the experiment was only partially successful, owing to various causes, but it was very fully and widely reported, and it was proved that cyclists could be turned to practical account as messengers.

This fact no doubt helped to influence the English military authorities when, on the recommendation of Colonel Stracey, Scots Guards, it was determined to raise a corps of cyclists for the Easter manoeuvres of 1887 in Kent, for which but a small force of cavalry was available. This determination was reached at so late a date that, according to Lieutenant-Colonel A. R. Savile, Professor of Tactics at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and Commandant of the Cyclist Corps, had it not been for the untiring efforts of his Adjutant, Lieutenant C. J. Fox, 3rd Battalion, Middlesex Regiment, the experiment must have been postponed. Cyclists from Volunteer Regiments, from the different clubs, and indeed almost all riders who applied, were formed into the necessary corps, and a few days before the manoeuvres they received a set of instructions for their guidance.

On the morning of Good Friday the men assembled in front of The Falstaff in Canterbury, and started towards St. Thomas's College. They were mounted on all sorts of machines, and as the long hill up the Whitstable Road out of Canterbury was not in very good condition after the rains, it was at once seen that Colonel Savile's Corps was a very scratch division. The wind dismounted almost all the riders of ordinaries; the rough road emptied the saddles



LIEUT.-COL. A. R. SAVILE



ON A GOOD ROAD

line charging through a corn-field, with fixed bayonets descending a slope, striking terror into the heart of the foe,—the mounted patrol pursuing the scout of the adventurous enemy? All this is very patriotic, very warlike, very absurd. Unfortunately for the leader writers who have been proving to the world how little they know about the practicability of cycling, this military movement is not to be given into their hands; otherwise, the result would be certain failure. But, in order to show how cycles may be used in the Army, it will be necessary to give a slight sketch of what has been already done, the present position of the movement, and the plans for its development.

When and where cycles were first used directly or indirectly, by military authorities, I do not pretend to say. I do know, however, that in 1883 I saw Italian orderlies on bone-shakers carrying messages in the environs of Florence and Pistoia. Colonel Kensington says machines were already in the Italian Army twelve years ago, but as, within the last four years, I have seen the same primitive machines in use, there can have been but little improvement. However, I believe that within a few months an English manufacturer has received a large order from the Italian Government for the most improved cycles. In other countries, as in Austria, I understand spasmodic attempts have been



WHAT SOME PEOPLE EXPECT TO SEE



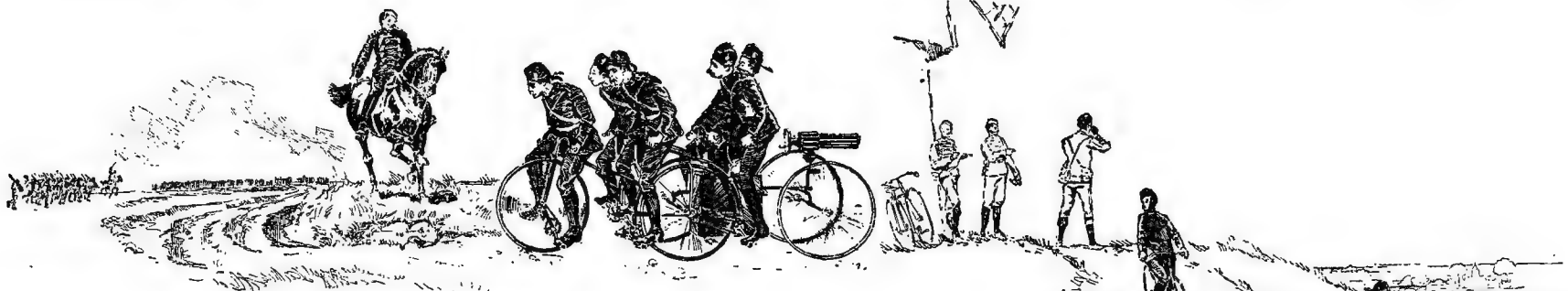
"OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!"

of some of the tricycles; and, as a body, the "Safety" riders were the only men who got to the top on their machines.

The officers in command under Colonel Savile were Lieutenant-Colonel Kensington, Royal Artillery, and Major Carpenter, late Royal Fusiliers, and now of the Reserve of Officers. Under them were Captain Cohen, Tower Hamlets Engineers, and Sergeant Gentry on the right division; Major Knox-Holmes and Lieutenants Graham-Gordon, London Scottish, and T. B. Holmes, on the left.

The plan of campaign was explained by Colonel Savile:—"An invading force, unprovided with cavalry, has landed unopposed at Sandwich. The officer commanding this force desires to occupy Canterbury, and to close the roads and railways leading from Chatham to Canterbury and Whitstable. His object can apparently best be attained by seizing the railway junction, east of Faversham, at Preston, through which the main Chatham-Canterbury road also passes. He therefore rapidly pushes forward his scouting Corps of Cyclists, to ascertain whether any of the defenders have arrived east of Faversham, and whether a suitable defensive position for occupation by the advanced guard of the invaders can be found along the Faversham Creek, near Ospringe, covering the railway junction, and closing the main road. Information is further required as to whether Whitstable is occupied, and has been fortified by the defenders. Fast-riding scouts are also to be pushed forward to examine and report upon certain strategic points on the projected line of advance."

This reconnaissance and the movements of Saturday were afterwards declared by Colonel Savile to have been most thoroughly and conscientiously executed. Owing to a favourable wind, the fact that several very good road-riders joined the corps, the presence of intelligent men who thoroughly studied the country they passed over, and made good reports of it, and, least in practical importance but most widely noticed, a very sensational piece of crossing country in which the bicycle was, if anything, more an impediment than an aid, the experiment was a success. It was proved that intelligent riders for scouting, for reconnoitring, for reporting the condition of the roads were of very great value in the absence of cavalry. But it was also shown that to make cyclists available as mounted infantry for united action in a body, undrilled men, like those who took part in the manoeuvres, were utterly worthless. But so much was done successfully, and so little was attempted in which there was an almost certainty of failure, that a favourable impression was made upon military authorities, and the Duke of Cambridge commended, and declared himself satisfied with the work and the corps.



BRINGING UP THE GUNS

Soon after, with a good sense and judgment which in authorities civil and military are often wanting, entire charge of military cycling was given by the War Department to Colonel Savile, who has been the head of the whole movement since its start. He has the general oversight of the whole matter, and is in direct correspondence with the War Office on all subjects connected with it.

It is proposed that there shall be three distinct bodies of cyclist soldiers: first, a corps of picked and trained men in the regular army. To mount them, machines have been purchased by the Government from Singer and Co., and will shortly be delivered at the Aldershot Gymnasium. Parties of about twenty men selected from the battalions at the camp will probably be put through successive courses of training, and such men may be expected to develop into excellent road-riders.

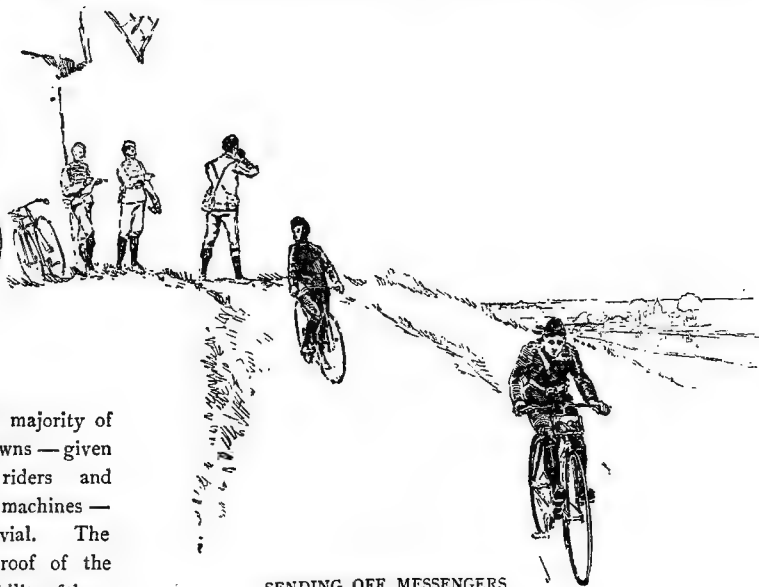
The second scheme, already in operation, is the formation of cyclist sections in Volunteer battalions. The recommendations are entirely drawn up by Colonel Savile. They are so sensible and so practical that I will give a slight outline of them. The cyclist section is to consist of one officer, two non-commissioned officers, twelve to twenty privates, and a bugler; and these men are to be drawn from the existing strength of these battalions, or, in military parlance, kept within the establishment. Their principal duties are to be reconnaissance and scouting. Officers and men are to be mounted on rear-driving "Safeties." The officer will carry a revolver and a field-glass; the non-commissioned officers and privates will be armed with rifles and bayonets. The dress will be as closely as possible that of the battalion, with the substitution of breeches or knickerbockers and shoes for trousers and boots. The qualifications for the selection of men, supposing their riding-powers to be equal, are practically those of ordinary Volunteers. But it is especially desired that the men should first



AN ITALIAN ORDERLY

A SOFT DAY—
BRINGING UP THE CORRESPONDENTS

be marksmen, and that they should have some knowledge either of telegraphy or army-signalling, surveying, or drawing. This at once presupposes intelligence beyond that which goes to work a man's legs. Each rider, of course, will carry his own tools, and, if possible, he should be a practical mechanic, with knowledge of cycle construction. Of course, in the case of a complete breakdown, a man would be out of it; for only the leader-writer of a great daily would be absurd enough to think that an anvil, a lathe, or other large cycle-making tools could be carried. However, even now, portable forges are part of the equipment of every army, and there is no reason why the cyclist who meets with an accident should not return, carrying his broken machine, to the main body. Though in the case of a large body of cyclists moving forward, of which I will speak later, many such necessities, made in portable form, could be carried on one or two tandems reserved for the purpose; and this, perhaps, would be best, Colonel Savile's very sensible idea being that cyclists should be absolutely independent of all other branches of the service. But, after all, it is a well-known fact



SENDING OFF MESSENGERS

that the majority of breakdowns—given good riders and strong machines—are trivial. The surest proof of the practicability of these recommendations is, that already more than twenty cyclist sections have been formed in Volunteer battalions, while probably as many more are being organised.

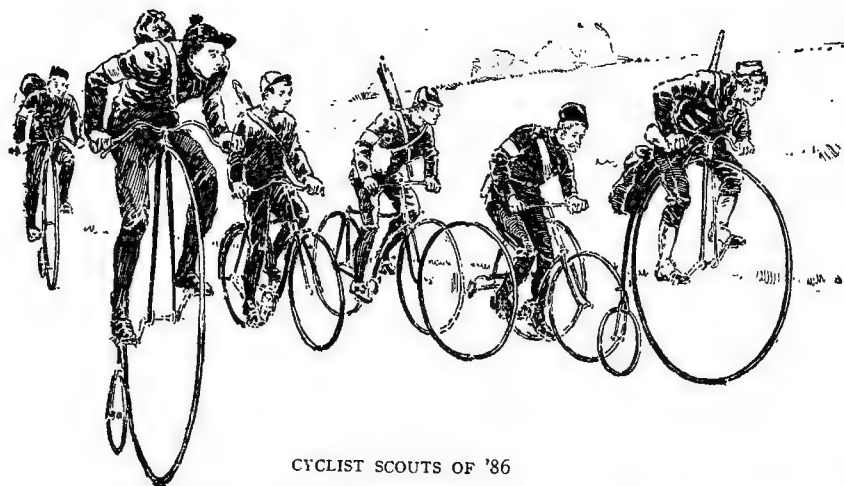
The first section organised was that of the Dumbarton Rifle Volunteers. Among others, either formed or in process of formation, are the London Scottish,—query, will they ride in kilts?—the Fifth Lancashire, the Third Hants, the Second Somerset, the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Forfar, the Dundee, First and Third Manchester, Queen's Edinburgh, First Surrey, First West Yorkshire, London Rifle Brigade, and Bristol Engineers.

The third scheme, which was in the hands of Major Wallace Carpenter, but has now been taken over by Captain Percy Hewitt, late of the 6th Dragoon Guards, is the formation of a regiment of Guides, which will number about one hundred and twenty of all ranks. They will be armed with a long infantry rifle, and they hope to carry two machine guns on tandems. But most of the plans in connection with this force are still in embryo, though it is hoped a good show will be made by the regiment at Easter.

These three different schemes are already, as I have said, in process of organisation. I now come to really the most important point: What are these military cyclists to do? I have explained that, owing to the able manner in which the Easter manoeuvres were conducted, they were a success as far as they went. Since then, competitive trials of machines have been made before officers, but not in a strictly official manner. A short time ago one was held at Aldershot in the presence of a number of officers. This, however, turned out to be simply a trial of men, and not of machines. The men were set to ride down a rough gravel path, with a gradient of, say two to one, turn sharply at an angle of forty degrees, ride up a steep grass bank studded with furze-bushes for about twenty yards, turn again very sharply to the right, and ride back to the starting-point up another gravel path which, though not quite so steep and rough as the first, was just about as steep as one would care to ride. None of the riders succeeded in doing this without a dismount. The majority went off as fast as they could tear, were run away with by their machines, and naturally could not turn the corners. Many landed head over heels in the furze-bushes.

The second trial was a cross-country race over rough moorland, through sandy tracts, jumping ditches for about three-quarters of a mile, and then back to the starting-point. For the third trial, the riders with their machines had to make their way over fallen tree-trunks; for the fourth, some of the riders voluntarily crossed a canal. But these were really trials of men rather than of machines.

The Government has also been making extensive experiments at Aldershot with Singer's Victoria, a machine composed of an indefinite number of tandems fastened together, and without their small wheels. I believe a very favourable report of this machine has been made to the War Office. But as far as I can find out, though it was possible to take it



CYCLIST SCOUTS OF '86

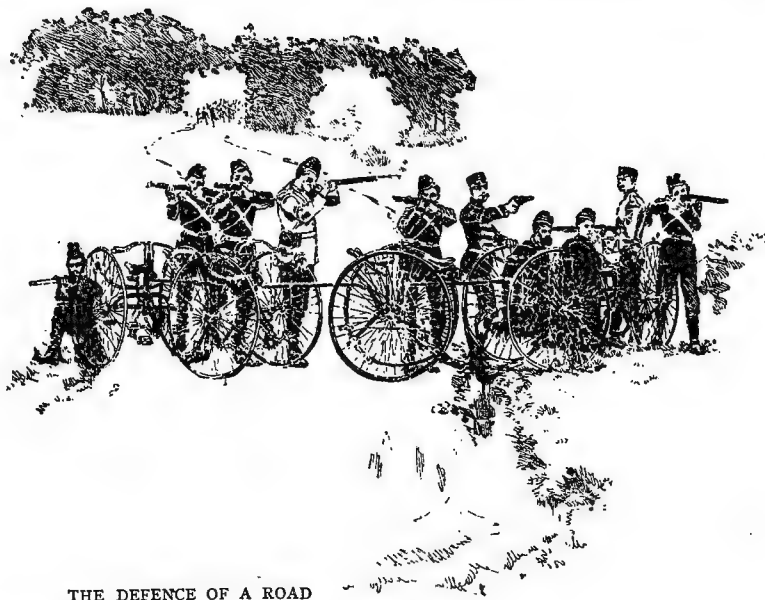
with much difficulty into places where ordinary cycles would go with ease, over rough roads, up and down hill and round sharp corners, the riders, unless very closely pursued by an enemy, would not and could not be got to work together. The work, therefore, fell upon two or three men out of the dozen; the rest, though apparently working, having a very good time of it. Although it was shown that the Victoria could be rapidly taken to pieces, the great fear of its riders was that at any moment it would take itself to pieces, and bring about a fearful and complicated smash. In war time such a machine would not compare in efficiency with twelve men on twelve single cycles.

In a word, up to the present, with the exception of the Easter Manœuvres, the experiments have been conducted in an entirely useless manner, and only one thing of practical importance has been proved; *i.e.*, that not one existing machine fulfils all the requisites of a military cycle.

The result is that a War Office Committee has been appointed. Colonel Savile is the chairman, and no better man could be found. He is aided by four other officers, who have given their time and attention to the matter, and by four civilians, who should not be interested in cycling as a business.

If the men on this Committee, who are all practical riders, will be above their own fads about certain makes of machine; if the makers will allow the War Department to use certain parts of their machines—or perhaps the Government is superior to the Patent Office in such a case; if the authorities will either award the construction of machines so designed to a good manufacturer, who will most likely not be the lowest bidder; or better still, if they will give their designs to the trade, and say that only these types of machines shall be used in the Army, and that the qualities necessary are lightness, rigidity, ease in running, the absolute qualities wanted in any good roadster; then the War Department will have done more to settle the wretched makers' amateur question, and to produce a thoroughly good machine, than all the racing men and indispensable handbooks put together.

I will now endeavour to give some of Colonel Savile's ideas for the practical uses of military cycling. One of the great problems of the future in military affairs is how to



THE DEFENCE OF A ROAD

unless one was willing to sacrifice his machine to save his life. A hurdle, when procurable, is a much better barricade, and much less expensive, than a cycle.

In modern warfare it is a great advantage to seize and hold any point tactically or strategically important, but some distance in front of marching columns of men. No point is thus important, unless on a road. Consequently, cyclists could, as a rule, get to it. Let us suppose information has been obtained that the enemy is pushing forward cavalry to a point sixty miles in advance of the marching force. A corps of cyclists which is proceeding at the head of the marching column—and not behind it, where it would be practically useless—will be thrown forward, cover the sixty miles in the course of six to eight hours, and it is an established fact that twenty or thirty infantry holding a town or village can resist a vastly superior force of cavalry for hours, or even days, if necessary. In the mean time, however, the infantry would most probably have marched to the relief of the cyclists. If the roads are bad—and very few roads in Europe are so bad that cyclists cannot ride on some part of them—the infantry can only march fifteen or twenty miles a day; the cyclists passing over the same road, before it is cut up and impeded by the marching column, will, if the weather is not very bad, make at least forty or fifty. Under ordinary circumstances, I mean on a good road, with a fair wind, a thoroughly drilled body of from twenty to a hundred



MILITARY CYCLING IN GERMANY

cyclists riding in very open order, will make from sixty to a hundred miles a day. The actual proof of what I say is, that in the tours of the League of American Wheelmen in the United States and Canada, with untrained, undrilled men—though cycling-drilling among clubs is better understood in America than here—this very thing has been accomplished over far worse roads than those of Europe. It must, however, be understood that the moment the cyclists arrive at the point which they are to hold, their machines are to be discarded. There is, of course, no doubt that a species of tandem can easily be devised to carry a Gatling or Maxim gun, and yet with it to weigh very little more than a tandem of to-day; I believe Mr. Maxim has already designed such a cycle; another machine would carry the ammunition, and the four riders and their gun would add a strength of twenty or thirty men to the force. A cyclist can also easily carry much more than a foot soldier, whose entire outfit, including the clothes on his back, weighs from 50 to 55 lbs. The cyclist's load is divided as follows: Arms, 28; articles worn, 12; articles carried, 12; making 40 lbs. to be strapped on the machine. This includes 70 rounds of cartridges. If 5 lbs. more be added, as it could comfortably—I have frequently taken as much myself on a cycle—the cyclist, with not an ounce to carry on his back, would have very great means of defence, and be independent of transports.

Again, small bodies of cyclists can be sent to a certain point to reinforce cavalry, and, if the cavalry are numerically weak, the cyclists can assist them in scouting and reconnoitring on the roads, whilst the cavalry move on the ground between these roads, cycles being, if nothing else, certainly much cheaper to maintain than horses. They may be also used to afford close support to the cavalry screen, that is, cavalry passing over a country in advance of, and screening, the army, and who in themselves have very little power of combined action. In entire absence of cavalry, cyclists could do all this work, provided roads are rideable. The infantry might then be pushed forward to aid them.

But it must be insisted that all this is only possible in a country where cyclists can be used on the roads. Across country their speed will never equal that of cavalry, and it is just here the great mistake in theoretical military cycling is made. Of course, in the Southern Counties of England, where

foot-paths abound, riding across country is easy enough. It is simply a question of picking up the machine and jumping over fences, hedges, &c. But let a cyclist endeavour to follow a hunt through Yorkshire, or let him try to cross a Scotch moor, and he will find himself out of it. A writer, in an article in *Longman's* for last July, compares the pace of a record-breaker on the best road to be found in England with the march of Cossacks—unfavourably, of course, to the latter. But to any thinking man such a comparison is absurd. Send a body of cyclists and



A RAINY DAY—"NOW THEN, HURRY UP"

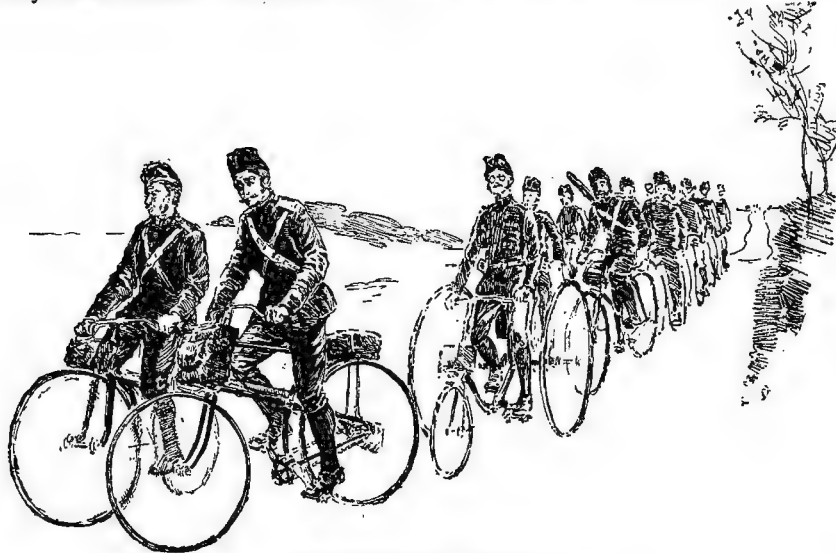


SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS ON THE FRANCO-GERMAN FRONTIER

move infantry quickly. In England, the cavalry force is notably deficient, not only in numbers, but in long-range weapons. In Germany, on the contrary, where cavalry are trained to act as dismounted infantry, there would be less reason for cycles to be used to any extent in the army. In Germany, a saving in expense and numbers is no object in military matters. But, in any country, and however armed, cavalry dismounted are divided in their attention, and reduced in their numbers. Cavalrymen must think of their horses, which are left behind them, and which the enemy may capture or stampede at any moment, as well as of the force in front which they are endeavouring to check; while at least one-third of the number must be left to look after the horses. Besides, the horses must be cared for, fed, their heavy and cumbersome equipments kept in order, and in most cases trains must attend to provide forage, &c. But cyclists dismounted would be free from all these drawbacks. Their machines could either be hidden in a house, with one or two men to guard them, or piled in a field with a little brushwood over them. They would be utterly unnoticed by the enemy, and even if destroyed, the cyclists would retain their formation as infantry. No practical military cyclists would think of forming barricades with their machines except in direct necessity. Cycle barricades at the last Easter manœuvres were shown to be useless

a body of cavalry across country for a long day's march; let the country be slightly sandy or rough; the cavalry would arrive hours before the cyclists, perfectly fresh, with their horses probably played out; the cyclists would straggle in utterly exhausted, and encumbered with useless machines. Major Craigie has stated that a party of the 13th Hussars rode 137 miles in 68½ hours. They were 20 hours on the road, and their average was 6½ miles an hour. There is no doubt that, given good weather and good roads, like those about Colchester, cyclists will make about half again as good time as cavalry; that is, they could make 204 miles in 68 hours. But the pace of a marching column of cyclists, or of cavalry, must not be compared to that of a record-breaker who selects the best roads and the best weather for his performances. He will cover some 300 miles in twenty-four hours. But record-breakers, or horses like Black Bess, do not abound either among cyclists or in cavalry regiments.

Given the same roads cut up or covered with snow, or given an European steppe, or an American prairie, no comparison is possible. Cavalry would beat cyclists all to pieces. Of course, if men who are specially drilled as military cyclists are of less value than cavalry horses, let them be used in this way. It may be military, but it certainly is not common-sense economy. Here is a practical example:—A year ago I was riding up the North Road. The 9th Lancers left the town of Stamford an hour or two before I did. I overtook them a few miles out of the town, and easily distanced them. Within an hour, however, a fearful wind and rain storm came on,



WHAT WE SHALL SOON SEE

directly in my face, and converted the road between Stamford and Grantham into a sea of sticky clay. The result was that before lunch time I was repassed by them, they riding on the tall grass by the side of the road where no cycle could be driven, and though I followed them on the same road for some miles further, I never saw them again. While they rode comfortably at a trot on the grass, I had to walk on the up-grades and the levels, and pedal down the hills.

Colonel Savile also suggests cyclist orderlies for intercommunication between marching columns, alleging it a disadvantage to use up a horse for such a purpose. To endeavour to send a cyclist from ten to twenty miles, as would often be the case, over country, and along roads, which have been traversed by an army, would simply mean using up, not a horse which might be replaced, or if not whose rider could proceed on foot—but the orderly, so that if the commission happened to be of some importance its object would be defeated.

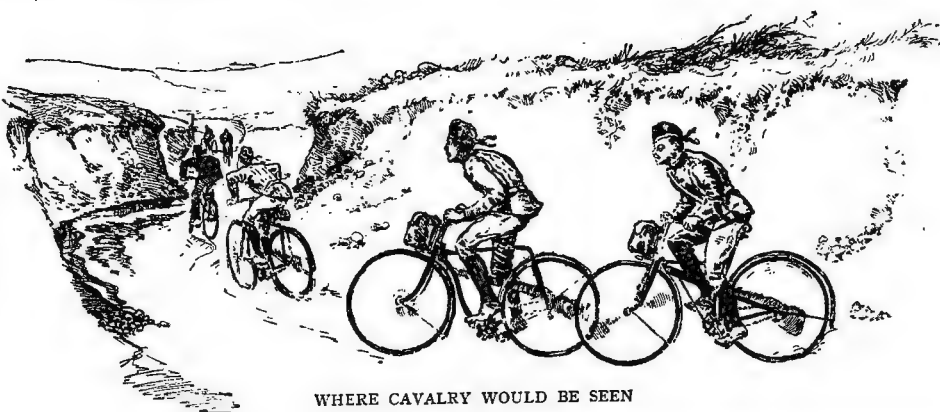
If, after teaching an intelligent man to shoot and to use his eyes, he is to be put to do the work that only a horse should be used for, military cycling will be rendered absurd. Another objection to this is that a man on a troop horse makes enough noise, and a horse is impressive enough to clear the way, but a man on a cycle would have to yell himself hoarse, or use a big bell. As for scouting and reconnoitring, however, the only actual practical example which has yet been given is one that I know from my own experience. A year ago, during the War excitement, I visited the Franco-German Frontier for journalistic purposes. I was warned by the military authorities, both French and German, that if I were caught sketching they would be only too glad to make an example of me, and yet, owing to the noiseless running and small size of our Humber "Safety" bicycles—as I have said the only machines to be used for such purposes—my friend, Mr. Norman, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and I passed in one afternoon from Germany into Luxembourg, from Luxembourg into Belgium, from Belgium into France, from France back into Germany again, and throughout the ride our presence was absolutely unknown, and we were not even stopped by Custom-House officers.

Cyclists may furthermore be used to ascertain the resources of a country not occupied by the enemy, or to assist cavalry in this duty; also as escort for light convoys, provided the roads are not cut up. It is a useless waste to employ cavalry for this purpose, while it is well known that infantry mounted upon the waggons, or else fall behind. But cyclists, of course, would have no difficulty in keeping up over good roads.

With all the advantages of military cycling, there are two or three drawbacks which, to me, do not seem to have been taken into consideration. In the first place, the experiment of employing a body of cyclists to hold an important point has not yet been tried.

A very interesting test for Colonel Savile to apply at Easter, if he has the opportunity and if there is a good strong wind, would be to suppose the enemy also possessed of cyclists, to divide his men into two bodies, to allow both sides to try to get to a certain place, not as a road race, but at the pace of the slowest man, and I have an idea that, even if he sends the men who have the wind at their backs double the distance of those who have it in their faces, the former would never allow the latter to get there first, or, if they did, to hold it for a minute. Manœuvres in England have so far been made under the most favourable circumstances. During the Easter manœuvres last year, the roads, the weather, and the wind, three most important factors, were altogether in favour of Colonel Savile's division. Major Kensington, who had some distance further to go but considerably more wind in his face, did not arrive in Dover for some hours after Colonel Savile, and he, as well as some of his men, were ridden completely out. There is one undeniable fact, the cycle is a machine for good roads and fair weather, and for absolutely nothing else. Given at the next Easter manœuvres a heavy rain, beginning a couple of days beforehand, a dead head wind, and consequently fearfully muddy roads; or given a fall of snow, even of two inches, not to say a foot in depth, a thing which sometimes does happen in military campaigns; and a cyclist would make absolutely no better time than the infantry; for, besides his equipments, he would have to carry his machine on his back. Or if he did make five or ten miles more in a day, he would be so utterly exhausted as to be practically useless.

A picture which appeared in *Le Monde Illustré* for September 17th of a military cyclist escaping from some foot-soldiers, on a road several inches deep in ruts and mud, shows more plainly than I can the drawbacks to military cycling under certain circumstances. In the first place, the cyclist could not ride on such a road more than two or three miles an hour, and then only by using both hands to guide his machine; and the soldiers who are represented in the background, apparently stalking around the turns of a winding road, would simply walk up in front of him, stick a bayonet among the spokes, upset him, very likely rendering him insensible, and take his despatches. For a bicyclist or tricyclist to escape from cavalry, unless road and wind are in his favour, is an impossibility. With a bad and winding road and a head wind he can be overtaken by a man on foot; and in such a case it



WHERE CAVALRY WOULD BE SEEN

would be out of the question for him to defend himself, since all his attention would have to be given to steering his machine.

In talking over military cycling with an American officer the other day, a rather laughable example of the ignorance of military men on this subject came to my knowledge. He suggested that cyclists might be used, in case of riots or large parades, to report to headquarters, parading and suppressing riots being about the only duties of American volunteers. Fancy a cyclist on Sunday, November 13th, or on the following Sundays, trying to convey information from Scotland Yard to Trafalgar Square!

But the valuable point of this new cycling movement, especially of the formation of cyclist sections among Volunteers, is that it will produce a number of trained, energetic athletic men, possessed of important military qualifications, and also of common sense, which is, no doubt, as much needed in military as in other matters. For, as their very name shows, these cyclists are to be used as scouts and guides, and not as mere marks to be shot at at so much a day. Let us hope, then, that some of the road-riding clubs and record-breakers of England, who are doing so much to produce valueless records and fictitious reputations for the makers of machines never intended to be used on the roads, and who are endeavouring to fill a few manufacturers' pockets with pounds, shillings, and pence, will have the good sense to see that here is an opportunity to serve their country, instead of a mere cycle-maker, and to make a name which, instead of being of value to bookmakers, betting-men, and the hangers-on of race-tracks, will be an honour and glory to the nation.

The following notice has been issued:—

Easter, 1888

GENERAL IDEA FOR THE OPERATIONS OF THE VOLUNTEER CYCLISTS UNDER THE COMMAND OF LIEUT.-COL. A. R. SAVILE, PROFESSOR OF TACTICS, ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST.

GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 30TH

A portion of an invading army has effected a secondary landing at Poole, and is advancing eastwards to unite with its main body near Portsmouth. On Good Friday a detachment is thrown out on the left of the Poole force to gain a point on the South-Western Railway at Salisbury.

On the same morning a flying column (cyclists) is sent forward from the main body of the defenders at Guildford, to march to Salisbury and destroy the passages over the River Bourne at St. Thomas's Bridge and Winterbourne; also to cut the railway where it crosses the river between these points, and so close the main exits from Salisbury on the east side.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31ST

The Cyclist flying column, having completed the demolitions, though opposed by the invader, retires to Stockbridge.

The invader is checked by the broken bridges at Salisbury, but is able on Saturday morning to send forward a detachment (cyclists) to follow up the cyclists of the defender, who fall back slowly on Winchester, contesting the ground to the utmost.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

1.—The rendezvous of the cyclist sections is fixed at Guildford on the evening of Thursday, March 29th, and an early start will be made on the following morning for Salisbury. Distance about sixty miles.

2.—Employment of a suitable kind will be found for those riders who are not able to accomplish this distance.

3.—Any men who may be unable to reach Guildford on Thursday evening will join the column on the march on Good Friday, at points which will be settled later.

4.—Full details as to the roads upon which the force will move from Guildford to Salisbury will be furnished to the commanders of sections.

5.—Every man must be properly dressed in the cyclist uniform of his battalion, and must carry a rifle, bayonet, and 100 rounds of blank ammunition. The officers will arm themselves with revolvers, and should carry field-glasses and whistles.

6.—Detachable clips for securing the rifle to any type of machine can be obtained from most of the leading cycle manufacturers.

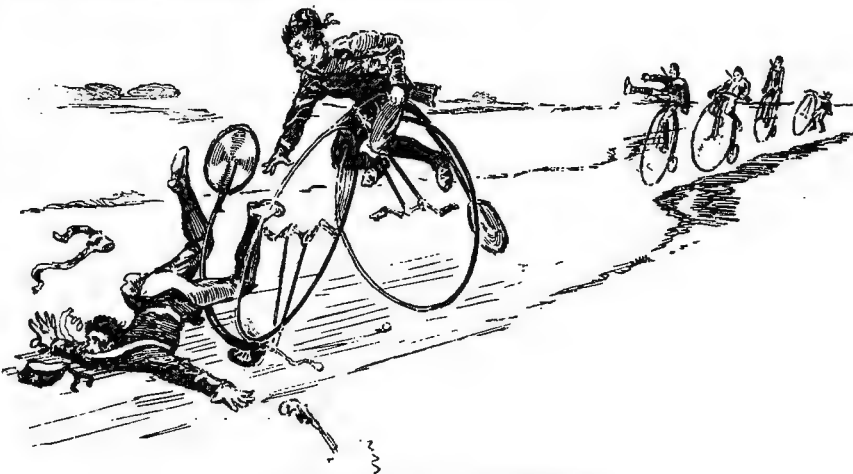
7.—When Winchester is reached on the return journey—about noon on Saturday, March 31st—fresh orders will be issued concerning the continuance of the operations.

8.—A portion of the force will march from Winchester at noon on Saturday, March 31st, to the place at which His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief will hold the Easter Monday review, and good riders will be asked to volunteer to perform this march, the final destination of which may, perhaps, be Dover. The distance from Winchester to Dover is about 135 miles, and forty-eight hours can be allowed for the march—an easy task for practised riders.

9.—Those sections the members of which may wish to join their respective battalions at Portsmouth or Eastbourne on Easter Monday will be allowed to do so, but all good riders volunteering for the Dover column will be accepted.

10.—Volunteers wishing to take part in the cyclist manœuvres, but in whose battalions cyclist sections have not yet been formed, should send in their names at once, as the strength of the force is not to exceed 300.

11.—Each commander of a cyclist section will furnish—not later than March 20th—a nominal roll of the men under his command, stating the distance that each man is able to ride in a day's march and a type of machine to be ridden.



WHY THE ORDINARY IS WORTHLESS



DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

Lady Joddrell's heart died within her as she welcomed her with effusion.

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT LUNCHEON.

EVERY meal, save one, has had its eulogists and admirers: there are some people who even speak highly of breakfast. To my mind, and not, alas! to my *mind* only, a very poor performance. In our youth, indeed, it may have been well enough. There were great entertainments in one's college days that passed under that unassuming title. They were like wedding breakfasts, and claret cup and bitter beer were drunk at them. Breakfast parties are still given by a few persons of distinction in town, but only very idle people enjoy them. An unnatural air of would-be gaiety pervades them; the guests are like Bacchanals the next morning; they have occasional doubts whether it is not a very late supper; and they are all "upset" for the day. The praises of dinner have been sung repeatedly, though most often by those who have known what it is to want it. It is, indeed, quite amazing, and can only be accounted for by the general dullness of mankind, that even public dinners are still popular. The certainty of the plates being cold, and the probability of one's being placed between strangers (and every one knows what sort of a conversationalist your stranger is likely to be), seem to have no deterrent effect. The speaking afterwards is thought rather attractive than otherwise. If a gentleman was to get on his legs, and insist upon addressing the company, *before* dinner, I suppose he would be torn to pieces; but after his wits have been dulled by wine and food his utterances are welcomed with enthusiasm. Suppers again have had their encomiasts, and not without reason. The work of the day is over, and the revellers, who, of course, have no thought for the morrow (or they would not be supping) feel that they have earned the right to give themselves up to unrestrained mirth; the fun is more fast and furious than at any other meal; but supper eaters do not live long.

Even that terrible institution "Five o'clock tea" is not, I believe, without its partisans. I once attended an entertainment of that nature, and overheard the following remark, made in a low and earnest tone by a very pretty young woman to her admirer:—

"I have often wondered whether the cuckoo is called the cuckoo because it *says* cuckoo?"

I thought that "often wondered" was a sad admission, but it is impossible that people who eat muffins within two hours of their dinner can cultivate the understanding.

While commendation has been showered upon all these meals in their time, not a word has been said in favour of lunch. You may search through the British poets and find not a single line in its honour. Calverly, indeed, mentions it, but only as an accessory, before the fact, to tobacco.

The philologists talk of luncheon or "nuncheon," and vulgarly define it as "a handful of food." This neglect is the more inexplicable since luncheon is the chief meal of the day to the great majority of the Anglo-Saxon race; this indeed may be the very reason why Fashion shuts her lips about it; she is ashamed of having the same desires as the middle class, who notoriously eat most at mid-day. People who don't eat lunch always eat too much dinner, and become more or less lethargic afterwards, which makes them an easy prey to the public speaker. It is the time when the intelligence is keenest, which in the morning is but half aroused, and in the evening is jaded. The sun, which is then at its best, assists its geniality. I am told that the most satisfactory "operations" in the city are transacted over this pleasant meal. Women, in my opinion, are rarely seen to more advantage than when partaking of it. Their manners are then most natural and therefore most charming. There are none of those artificial restraints which, at dinner, make them stiff and formal.

Luncheon at Mirbridge Court was admitted by all its inmates to be its most enjoyable meal. It did not take place in the dining-room, but in an apartment at one time called the school-room, opening upon the terrace, with four large French windows all commanding a superb view. When these were open, as on the present occasion, it almost seemed that the company were in the open air; it was like a picnic without any of its inconveniences. The suggested the same freedom from the conventionalities. The presence of Sir Richard and his wife, to all appearance, placed no restraint upon the young people, who laughed and joked as though they were alone; but in reality it did make some difference, as that quiet observer, Mr. Gurdon, did not fail to notice. The brothers, for example, forbore to quarrel, and their behaviour to the young ladies was less pronounced. Hugh, indeed, had little to alter in this respect; his pride and egotism forbade him to be demonstrative in his attentions; he had contented himself, from the first, with "throwing the handkerchief" to his *inamorata*, and she, on her part, had shown no alacrity in picking it up; there was no proof indeed, to outsiders, that it had been thrown at all. Though Lady Trevor suspected it, there was nothing in the young couple's behaviour to one another to give grounds for her interference; which was, for the present, a relief to her. She was well resolved that her Hugh, for whom nothing seemed too good or too high, should not throw himself away upon Miss Clara Thorne, but she shrank from a contest with him upon any point. Moreover, though she was far from putting the matter even to herself in so many words, she had great confidence in his infidelity. It was very unfortunate that he should be placed in propinquity to such a beautiful and attractive young woman, but he had yet to learn that

there were other girls in the country, if not equally lovely, who had their attractions, and who were much better fitted by fortune and position—both of which he knew how to estimate—to mate with him. However far her son might have gone with Clara—however far, that was, that designing young person may have "led on" her lamb—she had a shrewd suspicion that he would skip away from her, without much breaking of his heartstrings, if it could be shown that it was to his interest so to do.

That this diagnosis of his character should exist contemporaneously with the tenderest admiration of him may seem strange enough, but it is not uncommon; the very failings of our dear ones, when they make for their own advantage and security, seem to wear the garb of virtues. Clara herself was a factor in the sum of her apprehensions that Lady Trevor almost disregarded. If she had had more time to give attention to her than a road so full of pitfalls permitted, she would no doubt have taken a juster view, though even then she would probably have underrated her powers. To those who did not know her there was nothing in Clara Thorne suggestive of calculating resolve; she was only "designing" in her hostess's eyes, as any other girl similarly circumstanced would have seemed designing. This gave Clara an immense advantage; she had confidence in herself, not without cause, and she also estimated the talents of the woman she knew was to be sooner or later her antagonist at their true value. She appreciated the dexterity of her behaviour, which conciliated all hearts, while at the same time her masterful spirit held them in thrall. Despite the waywardness and egotism of her admirer, and even of his occasional neglect, she felt that the chief obstacle to securing him would be found in the affection of his mother. Not a trace of this knowledge, however, was to be observed in her manner to that lady, which was always respectful and propitiatory, though without the least touch of servility. She maintained a certain attitude of independence that was natural to her character, but which would, she well perceived, be also advantageous when the relations with her hostess, which at present were not even strained, should become antagonistic.

Lucy, on the other hand, though she could never be a flatterer, was more meek; the position of Lady Trevor impressed her with no sense of inferiority, but the difference between their years had its proper weight. She treated her with a marked deference, which sat all the more becomingly upon her because it was willingly paid. If she did not love her hostess, she had a pity for her, born of the estimate she had formed of Hugh's character, of which indeed every one seemed aware, that was akin to love. Lady Trevor's comparative indifference to Charley, though it caused her some irritation, had its agreeable side; for the less she cared about

him, the less she was likely to oppose him in the matter next his heart. It seemed, indeed, not worth the while of anybody to interfere with this insignificant pair; for Sir Richard, his suspicions of Clara having been laid to rest, beheld no danger in any other quarter, and no one else took any notice of them. Perhaps their youth protected them from serious comment; for though Charles's matrimonial outlook was much more vague than that of Hugh, he "carried on" with the object of his affections with far greater openness than his brother, and that under his father's eye. Perhaps he had a shrewd suspicion that, having once come out of his shell of reserve to forbid the banns in one quarter, Sir Richard was not likely to make such an unwonted effort a second time. If he did so, there would be at least an apology for the young fellow in the very fact that his love-making, although so palpable, had been uncensored and unforbidden. It was true that most of the objections the baronet had urged against Clara were equally correct with regard to Lucy, but not all; on this slender ground of difference Charles was prepared, when the evil hour should come, to defend himself and his choice.

At luncheon, as at all other meals at the Court, it was the hostess who did the honours, lifted the conversation when it flagged, and exerted herself generally to make things pleasant; the host was usually silent, sombre, and played the part of a skeleton at his own feast. But on the present occasion their rôles appeared to be reversed. The interview which Lady Trevor had had with the steward that morning, though it had resulted in his utter rout and defeat, had taxed her energies to the utmost. She might have said with the king of old, another such a victory, and she was indeed undone.

Mind and body had been subjected to too severe a strain. Taken by itself it was but a small thing, but the fact was that Mrs. Thorne's visit, which had taken place only a short half hour before that of the land steward, had ill-prepared her for the contest with the latter. The Rector's wife, though she could not but feel complimented at Lady Trevor's behaviour in the matter of the invitation to Catesby, felt far more displeasure than she had cared to show in the family circle with Lady Joddrell herself. She was well aware that no such invitation would have been sent to the Rectory had not the Court previously declined it, and she by no means relished the acceptance of such second-hand hospitality.

"I am deeply grateful to you, Lady Trevor," she had said, "for the kind manner in which you have spoken of us to Lady Joddrell, but that only gives me the more surprise that you should have thought it necessary to have been so ceremonious with us as to decline her invitation for our sakes; some of our party are so constantly partaking of your hospitality."

"Nay, that hurts me," interrupted Lady Trevor with her most winning smile, "for 'some' I would fain read 'all'; it is only that our young people make their little arrangements with yours without my knowledge, and wish them to step in, without formality, to take what happens to be going."

This remark, though interpolated so quickly, was not made without forethought, since Lady Trevor had seized the opportunity of showing that her sons' familiarity with the young ladies of the Rectory implied no encouragement to them on her own part; but it was far from discreet, for not only was it plain that what was potluck at the Court would be a feast at the Rectory, but the observation seemed to imply that the Rector and his wife would willingly be more frequent guests if they were asked more often. That this was the construction Mrs. Thorne put upon it could be read in her heightened colour very distinctly, and as it were in red letters.

"Good heavens, what have I said!" cried Lady Trevor, clasping her jewelled hands together, in pathetic despair; "something stupid, and perhaps offensive as well."

"No, no," replied Mrs. Thorne, gently, touched by the obvious distress of her hostess, at the remembrance of whose foreign origin all personal resentment vanished at once; "the fact is that there is a difficulty in this matter, insignificant enough, but hard to explain to one not to the manner born. Lady Joddrell does not very often honour us with her invitations, as you are so good as to do, and we have a shrewd suspicion that but for your letter to her we should not have received one on the present occasion. Our engagement to dine with you on the date in question can very well be postponed to another day, which will leave you at liberty to dine at Catesby Hall; but as for ourselves, I think we had rather stop at home."

"Then in seeking my own selfish pleasure I have made mischief," murmured Lady Trevor plaintively: "I confess at once, dear Mrs. Thorne, that my motive for writing to Lady Joddrell as I did was to produce the very effect which has occurred, and which I now perceive to be deplorable. The idea of dining among total strangers without the encouragement of the presence of those I have learnt to love and respect was alarming to me, and I thought if I could secure your social protection, as it were, it would give me courage. Pray forgive me, for cowardice in a woman—who has not a friend, too, in all wide England but yourselves—is not a deadly sin."

"Indeed it is not," replied Mrs. Thorne tenderly; she was touched by the allusion to the other's isolated position, while the flattery, perhaps, implied in her answer was not altogether without its weight.

"If that is your difficulty—though to one in your position it may well appear to be a strange one—I will gladly waive my scruples, though I think they have a reasonable foundation in self-respect. I will then accept Lady Joddrell's invitation so far as my husband and myself are concerned; but decline it for my girls, which may naturally be done on the plea of our being so large a party."

To Lady Trevor herself, no announcement could have been more welcome: she was very desirous that Mr. Hugh should have an opportunity of seeing the belles of the county without his thoughts being distracted by the presence of his fair neighbour, Miss Clara Thorne; but unfortunately it was her presence, as we know, for which Hugh had expressly stipulated. That she should reveal that fact to Mrs. Thorne was of course out of the question: she would rather have quarrelled with her on the spot; and yet there was no way out of the scrape without encouraging the very idea which she would fain have ignored, that the young ladies of the Rectory were of great importance in her eyes.

"No, my dear Mrs. Thorne, I cannot accept so great a sacrifice. Indeed, even if it was made, the thought of those dear girls of yours—an ornament, I am sure, to any dinner party, that could hardly be rivalled—staying at home alone, while their parents were humiliating themselves on my account, would poison what little pleasure I am likely to derive from Lady Joddrell's hospitality. Please to let the matter stand as it was before this hateful invitation arrived. Of course, I wanted Sir Richard to show himself to his old friends, but I am sorry to say he adopted my poor excuse as his own, with great avidity, and he will be only too well-pleased to evade his duties."

"But duties—especially imperative ones such as this most certainly is—should not be evaded, Lady Trevor," said Mrs. Thorne, gravely.

"Of course not; but then you don't know Sir Richard as I do; he is like a schoolboy in getting out of things that are disagreeable to him; 'If those charming girls are to be left at home,' he will say (though quite as much, I fear, from the excuse it will afford him of stopping at home, too, as from his regard for them) 'I will certainly not go to Catesby Hall; so that your kind offer will only leave us as it found us.'"

This veiled appeal had proved successful; Mrs. Thorne, it is true, had a "proper pride" of her own, but she had also a mother's pride

in her daughters. Lady Trevor's compliment to them had been very pleasant to her, and, notwithstanding the circumstances of their invitation to Catesby Hall, she was not altogether displeased that they should have the opportunity of displaying their attractions in a higher sphere than ordinary. Moreover, she was really anxious that the squire of her parish should mix with his equals, and redeem the family name from the reputation of isolation and reserve that clung to it. She had, therefore, surrendered at all points to the wishes of her hostess, but it was a victory that had cost that lady a struggle. It is true that almost immediately afterwards she gained another in that much more serious conflict with Mr. Morris, but the two engagements left her drained and weak indeed. For the first time, she took her seat at the luncheon-table shaken in nerve, and conscious of a lack of "grasp" of any situation that might arise such as she had never known before.

Fortunately Sir Richard was in tolerable spirits; he was pleased that the threatened row with his steward had been averted, or, what was to him the same, had been tided over; and the presence of the two girls stimulated his jaded spirits. When "the boys," as he called the three young men, were alone with him, he left them to their own society, and was often even unconscious of their conversation; he was always looking behind or before him, on his own unprofitable past, or unpromising future.

"My lads," he said, with a side glance at the girls, "I have got news for you. I heard this morning from a Catesby man that there is to be an heiress at the feast to which you are all invited."

What a mercy it was, was Lady Trevor's reflection, that Mrs. Thorne was not at table, for, if she had been, her own hastily-framed story of Sir Richard's solicitude about the two young ladies being left at home would have been shattered to pieces. The fact was that her husband knew nothing about the matter, except that Lady Joddrell had invited the party, and that they were going. Of the diplomacy that had been since employed he was in utter ignorance; nor was there any danger in keeping him so, since if, as had been decided, they were to go to Catesby, he had made up his mind for the infiction; while the news that they were not to go, no matter how the result had been arrived at, would be sure to be received with satisfaction. As to the heiress, it was only characteristic of him that he had omitted to mention the circumstance to his wife: men are so "stupid" about such matters, and poor Sir Richard was even stupider than most of his sex, having overlived the infinitesimal inclination for social intrigue that he had ever possessed. It was very irritating to a well-constituted female mind, but when any opportunity seemed to be thrown in his way for advancing the interests of his family, he was wont to treat it as a joke. In the present company he found only too much encouragement for his frivolity.

"An heiress? But we are three, father," expostulated Charley with much gravity. "What is the use of one heiress among so many?"

"We must draw lots for her," said Hugh. "I hope I shall win her;" and as he said it he had the effrontery to squeeze Clara's hand under the table.

"I do think in a case of this kind," observed Gurdon, "that the claim of a guest should be considered. If there was a deficiency of lunch, I conclude I should be helped before either Hugh or Charles; and if there are not heiresses to go round, I ought similarly to be offered the first refusal."

"But no one would be such a fool as to refuse her," objected Sir Richard. "She has twelve thousand pounds a year in her own right—all made by her late father at baccarat."

"At baccarat! How can you be so silly, Richard?" exclaimed Lady Trevor: her interest in behalf of her eldest born was aroused—maternal hope began to animate her frame.

"Fact, upon my life, Nannie. I knew the man myself—years and years ago," he added in an apologetic tone. "Kept a hell—I mean a bank—at Paris; and was a great chum of poor Westrop's."

"Then she is a friend of Mrs. Westrop's," remarked Lady Trevor.

"Yes; it is so like that woman that she kept it dark about the young lady who was staying with her being such a 'catch' until she got her invited to Lady Joddrell's party. The Chief Baroness" (such was the name by which the not very popular mistress of Catesby Hall was known in the county, though her late husband had borne no such title as it implied) "is wild, I'm told, at having asked her; for what chance will any of her tribe of daughters have against a three hundred thousand pounder?"

"And what is the young lady's name?" asked Lady Trevor.

"Mumchance."

A roar of laughter from the young men followed this announcement; there was even a ripple of mirth from Clara and Lucy.

"What does it signify," expostulated Gurdon, "when one is going to change it?"

"Three hundred thousand pounds! Think of it!" exclaimed Sir Richard with emotion.

"I am thinking of it, sir," said Charley dutifully, as his foot wandered in search of a smaller one under the table, and pressed it tenderly to prove that he was only joking.

"My difficulty with a strange young lady is, that I never know what to talk about," observed Hugh, "but in this case there will be no such obstacle; I doat on baccarat."

"You need not tell me that," said Sir Richard, sullenly; his son had awakened an unpleasant reminiscence, and his short-lived gaiety was dead.

Lady Trevor had still more reason for depression. An unlooked-for chance, as promising as she could have imagined in her dreams, had indeed presented itself; but she had imperilled it by her own act! What would she have given had she never written that note to Lady Joddrell, or afterwards, had she spared her eloquence in inducing Mrs. Thorne to waive her scruples? Of course there would have been still the initial difficulty in persuading her obstinate firstborn to have dispensed with Clara's company; but had he known of the splendid prospects in store for him, he would surely have consented to give up the passing gratification of a pretty girl's society for the chance of realising them. Even as it was, however, he would hardly be so blind to his own interests as to suffer mere beauty to eclipse them. There was at least a new string to her bow in Miss Mumchance.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CATESBY HALL.

CATESBY HALL was a very fine place indeed, fit to take rank if not among the palaces at least among the first country mansions in England; even its late master, notwithstanding a large income independent of his profession, had been thought to be "over-housed" in it, and his widow was notoriously in that uncomfortable plight.

Instead of thirty gardeners she kept but twelve, who gave their attention much more to fruit and vegetables than to flowers; she thought it superfluous not only to paint the lily, but to cultivate it, and in superintending her hot-houses had an eye to Covent Garden rather than her own table. She had picked up the idea that a lack of formality was a great feature in landscape gardening, and made it the excuse for creating a "wilderness"—by the simple means of letting things alone out of a large portion of the grounds. "You must come and see my blue bells" was an invitation she always gave to her visitors in the early summer, and thereupon would conduct them to these simple bowers, which looked uncommonly like a garden run to seed.

Nevertheless, all immediately about the Hall was kept spick and span, and still made a goodly show. The daisies on the lawn were duly executed every morning, the terraces—of which there were no less than three, each broad enough to turn a coach and four upon—rolled smooth as blotting paper; the urns and parterres filled with flowers in their season. The house, which was comparatively modern, had none of the picturesqueness of Mirbridge Court, but it was twice its size, and, being built upon an eminence, commanded a much finer view. It had been the humour of its proprietor to compare himself as he stood at his study window to Robinson Crusoe, because he was monarch of all he surveyed; but the study at Catesby, it had been ill-naturally remarked, was rather "shut in" as regarded out-look, and that the parallel was otherwise not very exact, since one can hardly say one's "right there is none to dispute" to property that one has borrowed money to purchase. In that unaccustomed flight of imagination the old lawyer had even forgotten his mortgages; but that Lethæan draught was denied to his relic. It was whispered in country drawing-rooms that Lady Joddrell, notwithstanding the state she still occasionally displayed, was "a little pressed for money;" the more "liberal shepherds" of the dining-room gave it a grosser name; the Chief Baroness was, they said, "devilish hard up."

On the evening of the dinner-party of which so much has been said there was, however, not a sign of impecuniosity to be seen. The ancient hospitality of Catesby Hall was revived in all its splendour. The chief butler was once more himself again, the diminished ranks of his army of subordinates having been recruited from London, where myriads can still be obtained, at a moment's notice, of a commodity of which (it would be idle for the great Republic to deny it) New York cannot furnish a single specimen, namely, powdered footmen. "Low on the sand and loud on the stone," carriage after carriage dashed up to the stately portals full of expectant guests. Their curiosity, however, was far more excited about the party from the Court than about anything that might be provided for them at the Hall. By many of them Sir Richard and his sons had not yet been beheld; and Lady Trevor was a stranger to all of them save to the tenants of the Rector's modest brougham; it was hired for the occasion, and made no attempt to look as if it were otherwise, but the freight of beauty it carried was without peer. If it had not been for the presence of her sister, Lucy would have carried away the bell; to two fond hearts—those of her father and her lover—it seemed that she did so. She was attired in simple white, with no ornaments of any kind save one white rose in her bosom, that had never bloomed in the Rectory garden; amidst the splendid toilettes of the other gay ladies she looked indeed *bien distinguée*, like a snowdrop among tiger lilies. Clara was in white also, but she had some diamonds in her hair; they had belonged to her mother before she was married, and formed her only stock of jewellery; but Mrs. Thorne had never congratulated herself upon their possession so much as now, when she placed them for the first time at her daughter's service. They were of no great value, but their glittering splendour carried out the queenlike suggestion of Clara's beauty. The very footman hesitated in letting down the steps, as he caught sight of her; the butler stammered from the half glance that fell on her as he announced her father's name. Young Joddrell, standing by his mother's side at the entrance of the great drawing-room, involuntarily invoked the blessing of Heaven on his soul and body as he beheld her majestic form. Lady Joddrell's heart died within her as she welcomed her with effusion; she had seen her before, of course, but never looking so entrancingly beautiful, and she not only trembled for her girls, but for her boys. What a fool, she thought, Lady Trevor must be, to encourage the visits of such a tempter to her Eden; how could she expect that innocent angel, her first-born, to escape her wiles?

The hired horse had been slow of foot, and most of the company had arrived before the Rectory party, which undesignedly made the impression Clara's entrance produced the greater. By the ladies this was exceedingly resented; it is only persons of title, or of colossal wealth, who are privileged to keep other people waiting for their dinner; the Thornes indeed had not done this, but they should have known their proper place in the county, and come early. The Rector's simple explanation that "the horse from the 'Bell' had only three legs," popular as he was with everybody, was felt to be insufficient.

Miss Mumchance, who had 300,000*l.* of her own, and might reasonably have been thirty minutes late, had already come. She was a tall and rather lanky girl; not very young nor very lovely, but with a good-natured face; her hair, if she had been poorer, would have been called red; being studded with diamonds of a large size, it was held to be auburn or golden. Mrs. Westrop left her side to welcome the new comers.

"My dear Mrs. Thorne," she whispered impulsively, "how can you make us all so horribly jealous? You have brought with you the handsomest girl in Europe. I don't say I hope she is as good as she looks, because I dislike saints."

"Still I hope she is tolerably good," said Mrs. Thorne smiling. The wicked widow's compliment had pleased her in spite of herself. But Mrs. Westrop was no favourite of hers.

"Lady Joddrell is furious with me for bringing my heiress, but Mary Anne (that's her dreadful name) will be nowhere to-night, for all her diamonds; you must come and look at them presently, they are as big as marbles; and they might just as well be marbles; your Clara's brilliants—though they are not worth fifty pounds, I suppose—will utterly eclipse them. Ah, dear!" here the little woman sighed profoundly—"what a thing it is to be beautiful and young!"

So many pretty things—but mostly like the French bonbons, instanced by Mr. Charles Trevor, wrapping up something not quite so pretty under them—were said, indeed, to Mrs. Thorne about her daughter's surpassing beauty, that it was a great relief to her when Sir Richard's party arrived—the last to come—and turned further attention into another channel. Lady Trevor, of course, then became the cynosure of all eyes. "How lovely she is for her age!" "How impossible it seems that she should be the mother of two grown-up sons!" "How thoroughly French she looks!" "What an air of distinction she has!" "How perfectly at her ease she seems!" Such were the remarks that dropped from the good-natured ones; others said, "How admirably she is got up!" "Any one would look young who employed such a milliner!" "What an audacious air she has! They say that she stormed the citadel of her husband's heart in twenty-four hours!" "Poor Sir Richard!"

It was a terrible moment for the subject of these various criticisms. Once and only once had she been at Catesby Hall, having accompanied the late Lady Trevor thither, as her humble companion, on a morning call. Her reception there had indeed been very different from the way in which she had been welcomed that evening. Lady Joddrell had not only snubbed her, but shown by her manner, as plainly as she dared in the presence of her patroness, how highly she had disapproved of her being lifted out of her proper sphere. She had resented such cruel conduct in her heart most bitterly, for it was not her fault that her dear mistress had chosen to do her honour; but it was not for her plebeian lips to murmur. There had even been a partly-heard conversation between the two high-born ladies, in which she had caught the term, "a beggar on horseback," and knew that it had been applied to herself. Her blood, too, was not ditch water, and it had flushed to her forehead at the indignity; but, looking back upon it all now, it was curious how her feelings had changed with respect to it. So far from it reviving any animosity against her hostess, she even admitted to herself that

that lady had been right ; for, indeed, had not the very thing come to pass (though Lady Joddrell knew not how true a prophet she had been) against which, without doubt, she had warned her visitor? Lady Trevor had a son of her own now, in a similar though a less deadly peril, and she could sympathise with her, though, as it were, against her very self, if indeed she could be said to be the same person.


It was, therefore, without the least hypocrisy that she now returned Lady Joddrell's kind salutations. She wished to be friends with her, and, if Hugh could not be induced to woo the heiress, something more. None of the Miss Joddrells were well dowered; but an alliance with any one of them would strengthen Hugh's position in the county, and be infinitely preferable to a union with Clara Thorne. The two mothers, having the same aim at heart, were genuinely cordial to one another. The Chief Baroness not only sheathed her sharp tongue as regarded the new comer, but threw over her theegis of her protection. The middle-aged lady, who had observed that one could hardly recognise Lady Trevor's high colour for paint, was very severely dropped upon. "I am afraid, my dear madam," said her hostess, with a pitying smile, "that your eyes are not quite so young as they used to be."

If the county expected that the mistress of Mirbridge Court would be dazzled by its splendour, or shrink with shyness from its polite advances, the county was mistaken. She was perfectly urbane and courteous, but also obviously indifferent to what might be thought of her. To those who offered their neighbourly congratulations she was all smiles and gentleness; but if any lady's curiosity manifested itself in some too personal question, she put up her *pince-nez*, and regarded the inquirer as an entomologist regards a beetle of the order *commutis*, which is quite unworthy to be placed in his collection.

Sir Richard and his sons were still more at ease in the social Zion. The Baronet, indeed, did his best not to look as indifferent as he felt to the felicitations of his old acquaintances; but that *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner—which tries us all—was to him well nigh intolerable. He had been brought to Catesby contrary to his inclinations, but he would not have come at all if he could have foreseen the fuss that was made about him. References to his Mirbridge life of old were so associated with the cause of his leaving the Court that they were all hateful to him alike, and these people talked of little else. As an alternative they expressed their satisfaction at having him for a companion on the Bench—for on his return he had been made a magistrate—and asked his opinion (with the view of influencing it) on half-a-dozen local matters about which he had neither interest nor knowledge. He submitted to it all, of course, for there was no help for it, but with obvious resentment, and looked, as Mrs. Westrop said, "like a martyr, who wasn't a Christian, being bored to death."

Hugh Trevor's sweet temper had been already put out by the receipt of the information that he was to take Miss Joddrell down to dinner, and he made no effort to conceal the fact. A few of the elder matrons, who had private hopes of him for his daughters, maintained that his air of *brusquerie* and *insouciance* was caused by extreme shyness, but the men pronounced him "devilish sulky," and in answer to an inquiry as to what she thought of him addressed later by Miss Mumchance, her chaperone was heard to observe with unhesitating derision, "My dear, a cub." He would have attached himself to the Rectory party, as though there had been nobody else in the room, had not Clara, in an imperious whisper ("You are not my chateleine yet, that you should hang about me in this fashion"), forbidden him to do so. She was not one of those young ladies who for a few hours of triumph is prepared to set her sex at defiance for the rest of her natural life. In revenge he would have sought the heiress, but he found his brother, who had been deputed to take her down to dinner, in possession, and already on excellent terms with her. Irritated at this, he whispered to Miss Joddrell as they went into dinner together that Miss Mumchance must be thirty at the very least. To which the young lady, who was very nervous, and had not even those moderate wits about her to which she would usually lay claim, replied, "Oh, she's much more than that; indeed, I'm told she's three hundred thousand."

(To be continued)



MADAME FÉLIX NARJOUX probably understands her husband, and therefore will read with equanimity the list of young ladies whom he excepts from his general verdict that "Italian women are ugly." She may even herself be one of the exceptions. In this case she will not be flattered by the *risqués* passages which refer to Italian habits, and which stigmatise Italian illustrated papers as "far more revolting than ours in the matter of cynical realism." One can't help thinking of *Quis tulerit Gracchos*, &c., but happily the Paris of to-day is at least free from the *adolescents, à la face glabre*, &c. &c. (p. 180), who are now, as in Horace's days, the disgrace of Rome. Happily, too, M. Narjoux treats of more savoury subjects—the prosperity of Venice, rudely checked by the cholera; the sudden fall of Florence, when her building mania was at its height, the moment the seat of government was transferred to Rome, &c. He travels from Rome to beyond Viterbo with the wife of the famous brigand in Luccone. She had gone to find out what antiquities were in fashion, for her husband, an Italian "Flint Jack," spent his leisure in manufacturing "curios from Etruscan tombs." M. Narjoux's little sketches are excellent, best of all the horse with a straw hat on its head, the ears projecting through two holes; but we cannot forgive the breach of hospitality involved in his description of "the Ausaldis at home." The names may be altered, but the villa by the Lago di Garda is hardly a fancy sketch; and this is not the only *lache* of the kind. Still "L'Italie des Italiens" (Paris, *Imprimeries Réunies*) may do good. Italy, so full of beggars, so backward in many ways, had better look at home, and leave poor Abyssinia alone.

Mr. Ernest Bilton is afraid that we judge of the truth and beauty of the Bible more by the ear than by the heart and brain. To cure us of this he has published "The Four Gospels Translated into Modern English" (Gardner: Paisley). We cannot see how the heart and brain can be nourished by substituting "Does it injure your eyes?" for "Is thine eye evil?"; or "upon hearing this your eyes?" for "when the Ten heard it"; or "scepticism" for "hardness of heart," &c. Mr. Bilton is worse than the American Revisers, against whom happily our party managed in most cases to hold their own. It is easy to talk of "unreal, well-worn phraseology;" but to think that "greatly agitated and low-spirited" is an improvement on "sore amazed and very heavy," betokens a frame of mind with which we have not the smallest sympathy. Mr. Bilton hints that, if the Gospels are untrue, we shall be less afraid to say so when the antique garb is stripped off!

Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore, in "How to Write the History of a Family" (Elliot Stock), gives the result of some years' experience in genealogical inquiry, and enlivens what to those who never look further back than their grandfathers is a dull subject, by pointing out, though not "for the first time," for surely Captain Galton was beforehand with him in this, "the Scientific Aspect of Genealogy." The subject has been a great deal studied, and the comparative merits of the different systems of arrangement practically tested, in

America; but the Americans, Mr. Phillimore complains, strangely neglect chart-pedigrees, "thereby making it almost impossible to ascertain the relative position of any member of the family." The chapter on Public Records, containing that *sine quâ non* to the novice, a table of alphabets, is full of information. Mr. Phillimore thinks, that before long, "the younger English colonies will display the same anxiety to connect their lineage with the old country which is so characteristic of the United States." Mr. Phillimore has given amateur genealogists a thoroughly practical "guide."

The Antiquary, Vol. XVI. (Elliot Stock) contains, in addition to the usual matter, some very interesting papers on old-world villages, e.g., Offham, near Malling, where the quintain (in good repair) still stands in the midst of the village green. The most curious is the survival at West Bromwich, in the heart of the Black Country, of "the oak house," a splendid example of a timbered mansion. A good paper by Mr. Gambier-Parry on Olympia shows how varied is the *menu* of the book. Perhaps of all the papers the most thoughtful is Mr. H. B. Wheatley's "On the Date of the Suppression of the 's' in French Spelling."

Part XIV. completes Vol. I. of the "History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster" (Heywood: Manchester and London). It contains statistics of population, rateable value, &c.

The fifth edition of the late Mr. Knox Wigram's "Justice's Note Book" (Stevens and Son) is edited by Mr. W. S. Shirley, M.P. The fact that another edition should have been called for in less than three years proves that the manual is pretty generally adopted. The present volume is brought carefully down to the present year, and contains a useful summary of the chief Statutes of 1887, likely to be useful to country gentlemen, such as the Labourers' Allotment Act, the Truck Amendment Act, the Fencing of Quarries Act, Conditional Release of First Offenders Act, the Merchandise Marks Act, &c.

Mr. Howard Bayn's "Merchandise Marks Act, 1887" (Stevens and Son) is a well-arranged treatise on an important subject. The "special reference to the importation sections" was called for by practices not yet wholly suppressed at Sheffield, and elsewhere.

The Princess de Ligne, whose charming portrait faces the former of M. Perey's volumes, was Hélène Massalska, niece of the Prince Bishop of Wilna. In 1771 she was sent to the Abbaye aux Bois, in Paris, to be educated; and a large part of Vol. I. is taken up with graphic sketches of life in a very aristocratic convent school. Among other things there is a mutiny, inaugurated by a "wearing of the green," in which the girls take the very practical step of seizing the kitchen and storerooms, so as to starve out the Sisters. There is a characteristic quarrel between the Regent Orleans and his daughter, who, at eighteen, had been made Abbess of the Abbaye. Her cruelty to the nuns was (if these memoirs tell truth) equalled by her indecency. "She used to take off all her clothes, and send for the nuns to admire her. She used milk for her bath, and then distributed it at refectory, ordering the nuns by their vows of obedience to drink it." It was settled to transfer her (aged twenty-one) to Chelles; but she would not stir, and when the officers of the guard came she got into bed stark naked. "Sew her up in her mattress, and carry her off, if nothing else will do," said the Regent. The titles of the Prince de Ligne, Hélène's father-in-law, fill a page. His army promotion had been so rapid, that when he was made colonel of dragoons his father could complain: "It was already unfortunate enough for me, sir, to have you as a son, without the additional misfortune of having you as my colonel;" to which the retort was: "My lord, neither the one nor the other are my fault." These pictures of pre-Revolution life are amusing, though not edifying. Hélène was not happy in her marriage. She was a flirt, and something more. The de Lignes had abundant ground for a divorce, but they didn't like losing the vast wealth of the Polish heiress. But when Prince Charles de Ligne was killed in 1792 in a skirmish with those low fellows the French Republicans, she was free to marry her lover, the already very-much-married Count Potocki. M. Perey is certain (we are not so sure) that the "Memoirs of the Princess de Ligne" (Bentley) are genuine. Miss Ensor's work deserves great praise, it scarcely reads like a translation.

"Gum Boughs and Wattle Bloom" (Cassell) is Mr. Macdonald's title for the papers which he has collected out of the *Melbourne Argus* and the *Australasian*. The descriptions of scenery are excellent; so are the notes on plants, trees, and animals. Mr. Macdonald is no sentimentalist, for he describes a battue of the red kangaroo (as cruel an affair as any in the world) with very little compunction.

Vol. XIII. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith and Elder) brings us to "Damer." The most important life is of course Oliver Cromwell, filling more than 20 pp. Mr. Firth might have said something about the "Squire papers," the most important contribution to the subject since Carlyle treated of it, instead of referring us to the "English Historical Review" for 1886. In spite of his masterful ways, and the plausible charges brought against him in his own day and since, Mr. Firth believes that "a study of Cromwell's letters and speeches leads irresistibly to the conclusion that he was honest and conscientious throughout." So, assuredly, was not Thomas Cromwell, whose work in suppressing the smaller monasteries Mr. Gairdner characterises as "truly scandalous." On this subject the reader should consult a paper on "The Boxley Road," in the *Dublin Review* for January. Thomas Cromwell was saturated with Machiavellism (the moral plague of the Tudor period); and, if he did not desert Wolsey, it was because he felt he had his master wronged in the same charges. Of course the Editor contributes—George Eliot (Mrs. Cross) and Cudworth, among others. Cruden's, in the Rev. W. D. Macray's hands, is a very interesting life. Not unnaturally his brain suffered from his Concordance work.


In "Domesday Studies, Vol. I." (Longmans), Mr. E. Dove has reprinted some of the papers read at meetings of the Domesday commemoration in 1886. Canon Isaac Taylor discusses the "Ploughland," dealing with the question of open fields, on which Mr. Seeborn (from a survival at Hitchin) has written so lucidly. It is interesting to compare Mr. Horace Round on "Domesday Measures of Land" with Canon Taylor. Mr. Stuart Moore ("On the Study of Domesday Book") defends William from the charge of inquisitorial search; he prefers "the masterly order-loving Norman inquisitorial search" to the unintelligent unthriftiness of Saxon monk; mind to the growl of the nineteenth-century barrister, and not a twelfth-century Saxon monk. Canon Taylor's other paper, "Domesday Survivals," is pleasant reading, even for those who don't care whether a plough land is or is not identical with a carucate.

Dr. Mansell Moullin points out, what is often forgotten, that whereas it is the rare exception for a broken bone not to unite properly, "Sprains" (Lewis), which we so constantly think little of, very often lead to permanent injury to the joints. His book of over 260 pp. is a compendious essay on their consequences and treatment.

Mrs. Ringer, in translating Abbé Méric's "The Blessed Know Each Other in Heaven" (Burns and Oates, London; Catholic Publication Company, New York), ministers to a craving which is as strong in orthodox Christians as in the wildest Spiritualists. We have many Protestant treatises in the same sense, none more judicious and moderate in tone than Dr. Méric's. Is he right in saying that the Jansenists, "with their unjust and gloomy rigourism," denied the truth embodied in his title?

"The Geology of the Vegetable Creek Tin-Mining Field, N.S.W." (Sydney G. Potter, Government Printer), is a beautiful specimen of typography. The maps and sections are also excellent. Special interest belongs to this section of the N.S.W. Geological Survey from its bearing on the staple industry of Cornwall. That plucky county stood against "Straits Tin;" it can hardly stand if Australia pours in unlimited supplies. Not long ago the gold

washers were cursing the heavy "black sand" (tin ore) as the most annoying kind of rubbish.



WERE it not probable that the fine quality of her work might be the loser, we should wish that the intervals between Mrs. Parr's novels were very much less long. "Loyalty George" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is a worthy successor of "Dorothy Fox" and "Adam and Eve" in all respects. It is altogether an admirable novel, especially as regards the portraiture of its heroine, whom an unknown strain of gentle blood keeps pure of heart and noble in midst of rough and savage surroundings. Such illustrations of the doctrines of heredity are of course familiar enough in fiction; but in Mrs. Parr's hands the treatment is entirely fresh. For the first time within our recollection, we are made to feel that the difference between the girl and her circumstances is natural and probable. There is nothing forced about it—in language, in manners, in mind, she is one of the class in which she has been reared, and her inherited touch of ladyhood is felt in the manner of some subtle aroma, which none the less is of supreme influence when her nature is stirred below the surface. In short, the most difficult of situations is rendered so as to be perfectly natural, and with all the pathos of nature. Pathos is the leading note of the novel, which implies that it is by no means deficient in humour. Another admirable feature of it is the reproduction of the atmosphere of its period, that of the days of Nelson, without any apparent effort, and certainly without the faintest touch of exaggeration. We do not think that Mrs. Parr did well to bring her touching and simply powerful story to a tragic close, because tragedy was not of necessity. Nevertheless, few, for once, will find fault with the novel on this score; and those who do, will readily pardon any defect of art in a scene which will have moved them so deeply.

"A Life Interest" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) is written in that straightforward, wholesome, unaffected style which is among Mrs. Alexander's greatest merits, and on all accounts it is among the best written of her novels. The characters are of a familiar order enough, but still it is pleasant to find one's old friends so well dressed and turned out as they are at the hands of Mrs. Alexander. Nor is there anything much more original about the plot than there is about the characters. Indeed, there is a good deal about the construction that is downright clumsy, and one sees much too clearly how the pieces were shaped and fitted together. Still there is a certain amount of interest in watching the process, nor is the interest altogether critical as the story proceeds. If conventional, the characters have at any rate the virtues of their conventionality; the reader's sympathies and antipathies are parcelled out with unflinching accuracy, and, let us add, with very considerable success.

By one of those coincidences, which are anything but curious, "Dominic Penterne," by Godfrey Burchett (Vizetelly), is based, like Mrs. Alexander's novel, on unintentional bigamy; but there the likeness ends. People who like their rhetoric ultra-turgid—and no doubt there are plenty of such—will find their taste fully gratified. Surely no human beings ever talked in such a jargon, compounded of the earlier style of Bulwer and the later style of Mrs. Malaprop, as Mr. Burchett's characters. The plot is appropriately hazy. Tragedy we can scarcely call it, because, though it closes with a catastrophe as unnecessary as Mrs. Parr's, the after-flavour it leaves is of burlesque, combined with a wish that such a lot of semi-lunatics had been disposed of at the end of the first chapter.

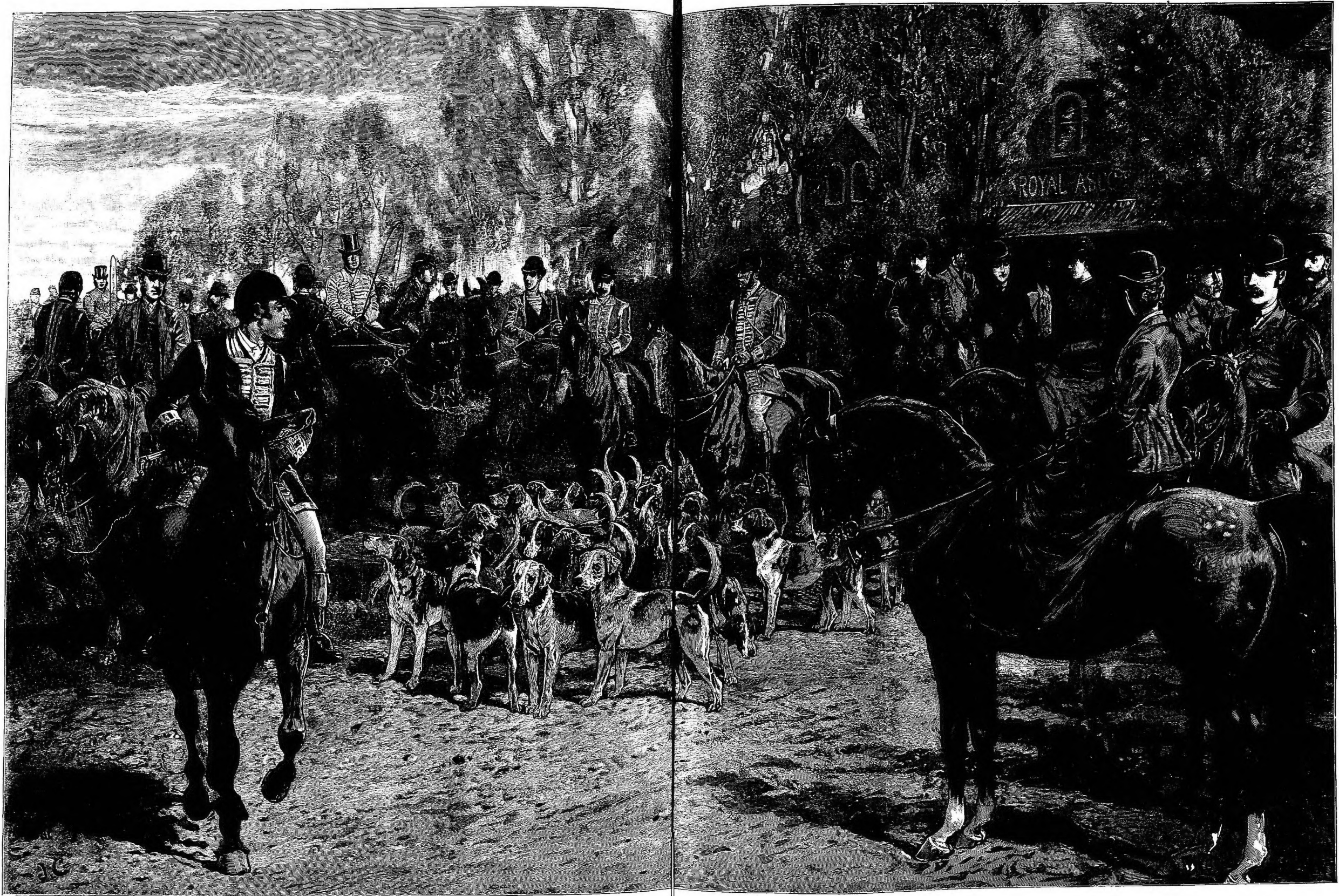
The regimental officer of to-day is unfortunate in the novelists whose literary mission is to portray him. Like other contemporary military novels, Philip Gaskell's "A Lion Among the Ladies" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) will lead posterity—if posterity reads it—to the conclusion that the British officer of the present period was, with a possible exception or two, a blending of snob, cad, and simpleton, in varying proportions. And the curious part of it is that the average military novelist seems to admire what is so completely the creation of his own fancy. Upon this fancy portraiture, such as it is, depends the claim of the present novel to notice; for the plot is merely a dull anecdote of how a colonel's wife was cheated of some diamonds in order to buy back some childish and innocent love-letters which she had written at the age of sixteen, and of which, for some unimaginable reason, she wished her husband to remain in ignorance. Of course there are plenty of by-flirtations; but it is impossible to guess what class of readers will be interested in them were it not for the unusual quantity of kissing. The style is aggravatingly slipshod, and the author's affection for the phrase "*id est*" is as singular as that of his ladies for his "lion."

"John Strange Winter" has, for once, deserted the cavalry and entered business. Her "Confessions of a Publisher," published in shilling form (F. V. White and Co.), tell how one of the trade, Drinkwater by name, got a young lady to pay him 150*l.* for publishing a worthless novel, and then got a hack, for 25*l.*, to write a better one, which he brought out, to his own great profit, in her name. John Strange Winter seems to insinuate, in a preface, that such things may have been done; and no doubt so long as people are so vain and unbusiness-like as to publish at their own cost what no man of business thinks it worth while to pay for, there will be a shark here and there to take advantage of them. These "Confessions" are obviously not meant to be applicable to "the trade" at large; and as the description of a sharp trick which did not go without its Nemesis, it is fairly amusing.

PARISIANS AND PROVINCIALS

EVERY Englishman who knows "his Paris" by heart is familiar with those periodicals in glazed leather coverings, labelled with gilt letters, which obsequious *café* waiters hand to customers who have given "their orders." In one of these publications there used to be, in the days of the now defunct Léonce Petit, clever sketches of country life, which were entitled "Our Good People of the Provinces." These drawings embodied the quintessence of average Parisian conception regarding rural folk. In them were depicted French peasants, sabot-shod, hard-featured, heavy-limbed, and *hébétés*; the country schoolmaster, with shrunken shanks and spectacles on nose; the local municipal councillor, looking like a cheap second-hand edition of the local deputy; who, in his turn, was invested, as to his features, with a smirk of would-be ministerial self-importance; the village mayor, his manly bosom painting with pride under the encircling pomp and splendour of his tricolour sash; the communal fireman, with lantern-jaws, and a helmet too big for him; and, finally, a heterogeneous collection of minor details, comprising town-pumps, dirty children, starving dogs, pigs, cows, sheep, and faint suspicions in dim perspective of haycocks, cottage-gardens, and farm-yards. It was from these quips and cranks of the pencil that the average Parisian, who had not time to wade through Balzac's "Scènes de la Vie de Province," or to study provincial manners for himself on the spot, took his ideas of country life. Nor has Zola's latest literary compilation enabled the Parisian to take a juster view of the peasant or the provincial, and "the good people of the provinces" are accordingly identified more than ever in metropolitan minds with all that is silly, stupid, ugly, mean, and narcissitic.

To Parisians the provinces begin at Saint Germain-en-Laye on one side of Paris, and at Charenton, or Creteil, on the other. These



A MEET OF THE ROYAL STAGHOUNDS AT ASCOT

places are the homes of retired officials, officers on very meagre half-pay, tradesmen of the minor sort who have ended their buying and selling by a lucky disposal of their *fonds de commerce*, worn-out actors, and other waifs and strays of humanity who have been used up by metropolitan work, and have retreated to the first stage of provincial life, in order to make room for another generation of toilers and moilers in the great city. You may see knots and groups of these old superannuated Parisians, who have become provincials in spite of themselves, discussing on a summer's evening the latest news, amid the glades or on the terrace of Saint Germain en Laye. Their metropolitan experiences have become but dim and distant memories of another world, from which they have for ever departed, and where they are no longer required. What with the telegraph, the train, and the bewildering complications of politics, the times are too fast for the old "fogies," and they can speak but vaguely of M'sieu Clémenceau, M. Ferry, and the others who were mere boys when they were men. Still, politics interest them vastly, and they listen with rapt attention to the completely inaccurate expositions of the situation as given by their local authority, a retired Government clerk, perhaps, who divides the allegiance of his elderly companions with the ancient actor who, thanks to his antecedents, is a specialist on great players, boulevard gossip, and caricatures. The actor also enlivens the group in his character of a *raconteur*, and is well repaid for his trouble when he has excited venerable chuckling, and is voted with many sly shrugs and nods an inveterate *veinard*. In places more distant from Paris there may be better examples of *la vie de petite ville*, but the life led by the inhabitants of towns contiguous to the capital is as sleepy and torpid as if these boroughs were in Auvergne, or the Landes. And even in the city itself there are provincial nooks which refuse to be veneered with Parisian varnish. The curious in such phases and manifestations of nineteenth-century life may still find "between the dome of Val de Grace and the dome of the Panthéon," narrow, old-fashioned streets, and sordid *pensions bourgeoises*, where human beings breathe an antiquated, semi-provincial atmosphere, just as if they were a hundred leagues away from the place which Victor Hugo pompously described as "not only a city but a government." The only difference between the boarding-houses which exist in the vicinity of the Jardin des Plantes at the present day, and those kept by Madame Vauquer and her equals, is that they are dearer, and that in addition to the octogenarian *habitués* who have succeeded Père Goriot, they harbour greater contingents of poor students than was the case in the days described by Balzac.

To the Parisian all persons and things that do not exist within an extremely limited radius of the main boulevard are provincial. No Frenchman can, by any reasoning, be made to acknowledge the existence of a city which equals Paris. The most amusing product of this state of chronic arrogance is its contagion, which contaminates not only the provincial who has lived a long time in Paris, but the foreigner who has become a *Parisien d'occasion*, so much so that he affects on first nights, at private views of pictures, and on reading the newest novel, the *blase* air of a *boulevardier* who has seen everything, knows everything, and is therefore capable, by implication, of doing everything. It never by any chance occurs to the Parisian that the provincial is to be considered aught but a *quantité négligeable*. Yet a little reflection would serve to show the city man that his compatriot of the country is not always a ninny. Take the rural person on his own ground, and see what a fool he can make of the metropolitan dandy or *dilettante* who has run down to the country to shoot, fish, sketch, or get fresh air. Bonhomme of the Seine et Oise, as well as Sussex Giles, delights in misleading the "town gents," just as the artist Dupont and his friends were sent wandering through the woods by the peasant in Paul de Kock's novel. Provincial France, moreover, and chiefly that part of it which is most rustic, namely Brittany, has always been prolific of great men who are forces in the capital. There is no collection of humanity more uninteresting in appearance than a crowd of French celebrities. Even the clever portion of the "Tout Paris" is composed of many persons whose clothes are not cut in conformity with the canons of *chic*, who do not know how to dispose of their hands when in their evening "warpaint," and who enter the drawing-room of a fine lady with a *gaucherie* which would disgust Lord Chesterfield, who had spies to watch his son's behaviour in *salons*. All this is due to the preponderance of distinguished provincials among the component elements of Parisian society as at present constituted. Paris, in fact, cannot get on without the provincials, and Michelet has left on record in one of the most brilliant chapters of his history, an array of provincial names which belong to most of the warriors, bards, statesmen, sages, and writers who have contributed to France the greater part of her glory.

W. L.

PLOVERS' EGGS

WHEN you purchase plovers' eggs make sure you get them. This advice has become necessary, because many more of these delicacies of the table are undoubtedly sold than the parent birds can possibly produce. Notwithstanding the all but prohibitive price of these dainties of the luncheon *menu* in the early part of the season, the number sold in the short period during which they can be procured has been computed to amount to thousands of dozens. The largest number of eggs which can be contributed to the total supply by each hen bird is said to be four; it requires therefore, in the circumstances, two hundred and fifty female plovers to yield a thousand.

According to oft-quoted information, London alone, for its more luxurious morning meals and wedding-breakfasts, demands every season three hundred thousand of these eggs, which represents the full laying power of seventy-five thousand plovers. That these birds are wonderfully numerous is well known to naturalists and sportsmen, and if not more than one hundred thousand of their eggs are consumed in places out of London, a flock of one hundred thousand will obviously be required for the supply of the total quantity, four hundred thousand, in addition to which, a very large number of eggs must of necessity be left, in order that the stock of laying birds may be kept up from year to year.

Many of the nests harried do not, of course, yield four eggs, as, although collectors prefer to obtain the full number, the competition among egg-seekers in some districts is so great that three, and even two, are often enough eagerly snapped up, so soon as a nest is discovered, so that it is no fault of those who make a business of gathering them if any eggs are left, whilst the mortality among wild birds is always considerable.

"So many of these delightful eggs are now being consumed," said recently a well-known *gourmet*, "that I am quite surprised there are any birds left to lay them."

Although an Act of Parliament was passed a few years since for the protection of our wild birds, strange to say, not a word is included in it for the protection of their eggs. Whenever the Act in question comes to be amended, society will no longer be supplied with plovers' eggs. It is not very easy to form even an illustrative estimate of the total number of these birds which are to be found in this country at the laying season, but as the plover is known to pair it will not, I think, be an unreasonable estimate to fix the number, simply by way of illustration, at a quarter of a million.

As in the case of Loch Fyne herrings and Finnan haddocks, more of which are sold in one year than the localities from which these famous fishes derive their name could possibly produce in five, so with the eggs of the plover. There being a greater demand than can at times be met, eggs of other wild birds are pretty often substi-

tuted, and in some instances these so much resemble the genuine article that it requires a clever dealer to detect the impositions resorted to by demoralised egg-gatherers: the forged eggs, as I may call them, being often touched up in a very ingenious way with colouring material of a kind which "washes." Among the eggs which I have known to be occasionally substituted for those of the plover are those of the rook, the red shank, the grey hen, and one or two birds of the peewit kind.

The seeking of these eggs has now for many years been a business, and at the present time, during the season occupied by the birds in laying, hundreds of persons set out every day in search of the nests, tempted by the prices which they can obtain for them, which are seldom, however, above a fourth of the figure charged by the London poultrymen. In egg-gathering there is no formal organisation, those who take up the work pursue it as they please. In genial seasons, when the spring time is sunny and warm, wide-awake searchers go to work at an early date, knowing that for very early eggs they will obtain a most liberal price.

In fine weather wild animals instinctively wake up to the joys of the season: hares and rabbits will breed early in March, and many birds will be found busy with their nests at the same period. Those eggs which first reach the markets bring the big prices of the season. A poultry dealer, in a large way of business, told the writer that, on the occasion of an important marriage, the date of which had been fixed towards the end of March, he was ordered to supply a large number of the much-prized eggs, no matter what the price might be, or the expense incurred in procuring them. Three special messengers were at once dispatched to different plover-frequented districts, but after all the exertions they made, only a couple of dozen were obtained, with which measure of success the lady who was giving the breakfast was very much gratified, as none of the eggs had been previously seen in London. Readers not versed in the details of this kind of commerce will no doubt be astonished at the sum paid for the twenty-four eggs: they cost in all, including travelling expenses, half-a-sovereign each, and, "under the circumstances," said the tradesman, "were cheap at the money." As one plover egg barely weighs an ounce, the two dozen in question might probably weigh twenty-one ounces.

As in the case of many other commodities, when these eggs become plentiful they rapidly fall in price, and, in seasons when they have been more than ordinarily abundant, may be obtained for three shillings or half-a-crown per dozen. It sounds like a fairy tale, but, on some occasions, as much as twelve shillings and sixpence has been given for one egg—a nest of four having been purchased for an invalid gentleman at the cost of two pounds ten shillings! Egg collectors, however, as has been hinted, obtain but a small share of the sums which are given by wealthy persons for these eggs. A Dumfriesshire farmer, whose children used to gather them, was only paid at the rate of twopence each from a person in Carlisle, to whom he forwarded supplies, at an early date, on behalf of his children. Upon being forwarded to Manchester, they were bought at about sevenpence per egg, and were probably retailed, the season having just begun, at not less than a shilling each.

I shall never forget the astonishment of a Wigtonshire dairyman who, some years ago, whilst on a visit to the Great Metropolis, discovered that eighteen shillings per dozen was not an uncommon price for the early produce found in the plovers' nests. "I was just dumfounded," he said, "when I heard of such prices; there are scores of nests in our neighbourhood, and we never think of meddling with them, but my eyes have this day been opened." That farmer, turning his newly-acquired knowledge to account, set to work with his children in a quiet way, and was in time able to send every year two or three hundred dozens of eggs to a dealer with whom he was acquainted. And now in Scotland, wherever the plovers have a haunt, there are active persons on the look-out for their nests, which are ruthlessly spoliated. Much care requires to be exercised in collecting, as sometimes, when four eggs are found, they have been so long sat upon that they will not pass muster. In boiling the eggs, their condition can be readily determined: when fresh, they at once sink on their sides; if they have been partially incubated, they will float, or nearly so, the thick end being uppermost. It requires much practice to find the nests of the plover. They are artfully disposed, many of them in an open manner; but this fact being unknown to novices in the art of collecting the eggs, they always search for them in the most hidden localities. It is instructive to note that all wild animals, especially fishes and fowls, are well endowed with the power of concealment—the flounder on the sand can scarcely be distinguished from the place on which it rests. The trout always takes on the colour of its surroundings. Birds, in numerous instances, form their nests with great cunning. Rookeries, being hereditary to one spot, are easily distinguished, as are also the nests of the twittering swallows, but, as has been mentioned, the lapwing or peewit forms its nest so carefully, that persons not accustomed to seek for it are sure to pass it unobserved. A gamekeeper, on one occasion, told a boastful young gentleman that on a certain part of his master's estate there were five nests, and defied him to find one of them, which feat he was unable to accomplish. The eggs laid, are always carefully disposed in the nests with the small end inwards; the parent birds are distinguished far the care they take of their young ones, whom they watch over and protect from their numerous enemies in a fearless manner. The plover, when properly prepared, is an excellent table bird.

ELLANGOWAN.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

UNUSUALLY good Spenserian verse, and a certain amount of romantic fancy, distinguish "The Islanders," a poem, in seven cantos, by Edward Kane (Elliot Stock). The story of the loves of Dion and Dione is gracefully told, and the idea of the searshipping race of Hellenic origin is not a bad one. The catastrophe is, of course, based on that fascinating legend of Atlantis, and more might have been made of it; but descriptive poetry is evidently not the author's strong point—he is at his best in the more subjective portions of the work. The poem may be read with interest, and, if it never rises to any exalted flights, has throughout a level merit.

A most genial and amusing little collection of comic verse and parodies is "A Book of Jousts," edited by James M. Lowry (Field and Tuer). It appears that a "joust" was the recognised name for an occasional poem at Trinity College, Dublin, where some of these occasionally appeared in the pages of "Kottabos"—now, alas! defunct. Mr. John Todhunter's Anacreontic song is good; so are Mr. Weir's "Venus Victa," Mr. Cowan's "A Bad Debt," and, above all, the editor's parody of Mr. Swinburne's "Ballad of Burdens" and his version of Horace. It is a capital book for a lazy hour.

Whether as regards matter or manner there is little to be said about "Scribbings on Autumn Leaves," by Maria Ball (Gilbert and Rivington). In "A Dream of Melrose Abbey" it is impossible to say what metre the author meant to write—it, assuredly, is not blank verse—and we should like to know what a "downy sky" is.

It is a real treat to get such a republication as "Legal and Other Lyrics," by the late George Outram, edited by J. H. Stoddart, LL.D. (Blackwood), the original edition of which has long been out of print. Those who know "The Annuity," "The Faculty Roll," and other of these perfect specimens of Scots wit and humour, will be pleased to have them in their present handsome form, with the advantage of Messrs. Ralston and Boyd's illustrations; others may be advised to make the acquaintance of Mr.

Outram's work at once—the most ignorant Southron need not fear since both notes and glossary are ample and excellent. The volume includes a few pieces not published before, as well as an amusing account of the lamented author's celebrated "Scots Denner."

"Saul of Tarsus, and Other Poems," by Isaac Sharp (Kegan Paul), has little to recommend it; the contents are, for the most part, very pious, but also very tedious; possibly "The Skylark's Tale," a rather pretty conceit, is the best in the book.

We hardly see why "Life's Inner Life," by P. Chantrey (Remington), should have been published. The writer gives as a sub-title "Poetic Pensée," but we fail to find any poetry, either of thought or expression, throughout a big and dreary volume of platitudes and half-truths, delivered in a style which has, apparently, been modelled on Walt Whitman.

There could hardly be a more delightful book, take it altogether than "Irish Songs and Poems, with Music," by William Allingham (Reeves and Turner). The opening legend of "The Lady of the Sea," embodying an old Celtic superstition, is as pathetic as it is musical; the climax, where Dalachmar restores the magic cap, is simply admirable. Very fine, too, are "Our Mountain," "Abbey Asaroe," the "Invitation to a Painter," and "The Milkmaid," whilst "The Nobleman's Wedding" is a good ballad, apart from its quaint old melody. "The Abbot of Inisfallen" is on a subject which has been often, and better, treated, viz., the old story of the Monk and the Bird. The most ambitious piece is "The Music-master," but for this we do not greatly care; both Gerald and Milly lack vitality, and such a little gem as "The Fairies" is worth many such poems.

From Mr. Walter Scott we have "The Lyric of a Hopeless Love," by A. Stephen Wilson, a lengthy production calling for no special remarks.

"Fifty Sonnets," by C. E. Tyrer (Kegan Paul), is decidedly above the average of such production. The author has good rhythmical power, and shows a keen love of nature: especially to be noted are the sonnets on that earthly Paradise Arran, and one at page 48, "Oh Eyes, Sweet Eyes!"

Another unusually good book from an unknown hand is "A Book of Verse," by "J. R. W." (Kegan Paul): here again we have great power of versification, and in many of the pieces there is deep thought. The "Dedication" enlists one's warmest sympathies, whilst the "Prælude," "Summer Time," and "The Song of the Four Seasons" are all, in their way, charming, and so are the imitations of Horace, especially those at pp. 67, 75. But the gem of the volume is "St. Anthony," a really powerful version of the Saint's temptation; there is something eminently subtle and pathetic in making the succubus assume the likeness of his lost love. The author deserves sincere encouragement to proceed.

We have also to acknowledge, from Mr. David Stott, "Sunrise and Song, with Other Poems," by J. H. A. Hicks—a series of rather juvenile pieces, showing in places a lordly disregard for syntax; from Mr. J. Hockliffe, of Bedford, "The Wandering Angel, and Other Poems," by Ethel, a writer whose prose is better than her verse; from Mr. Walter Scott ("Canterbury Poets" Series), "The Poetical Works of John Milton: 'Paradise Lost,'" with biographical notice by John Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D.; from Messrs. Whiting and Co., a people's edition (revised) of "Beauty at a Dinner Party," by J. W. Gilbert-Smith, which we have already noticed in the more expensive form; and from Messrs. Remington and Co., "In the Watches of the Night," by Mrs. Horace Dobell, Vol. XVI., chiefly consisting of highly-italicised abuse of the lady's unfavourable critics. May we point out to her that Dick Swiveller is not a character in "Pickwick?"



MESSRS. REID BROTHERS.—Two songs which will take a good position in the drawing-room programmes are "O that the Dove's Light Wings were Mine" and "Elysian Dreams," written and composed by W. Cartwright Newsam and Claude Melville; the former is the prettier of the two, but the latter has an attractive *ad libitum* accompaniment for the violin.—By the above-named composer is "La Reine," a dainty little *ancienne danse de la cour* for the pianoforte.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND Co.—"Compositions for the Organ," by Edmund T. Chipp, Mus. Doc., Cantab., contains fourteen highly meritorious pieces, including an Introduction and Fugue in C major, a Fugue in A minor, and an Introduction and Fugue in D minor. "Air With Variations" (Robert Schumann) is the most pleasing of the series.

MISCELLANEOUS.—From Paris comes No. 13 of a new musical publication, entitled "La Mélodie Française de Musique Moderne." Besides a select variety of literary bits we have five graceful little songs and a pianoforte piece. "Ah! Que l'Amour est Gay!" is a dainty little *chanson* de Jacques Le Fevre (1613) and "Les Premiers Lilas," *chanson populaire* de Henri II. (52, Rue Laffitte, Paris).—"Romance in D for Violoncello, or Violin and Piano," by Sidney Shaw, is a well-written and thoughtful composition. "Beneath the Roses" is a pretty little love song, written and composed by A. Valdemar and Gilbert Byass (Charles Woolhouse).—St. Alban's Festival March" for the organ, composed by Arthur Berridge, played at the consecration of St. Alban's Anglican Church, Copenhagen, won universal favour on that occasion; it is well suited for both church and secular festivals, (John Jones)—The same "March" is arranged for the pianoforte, and published by Messrs. Osborne and Tuckwood.—"Radiant Ever," a Jubilee song, written and composed by Mrs. Pitt Draffens, is neither worse nor better than any of the numerous compositions upon this theme; it is printed for the authoress, we know not where.—"Pretty Minnie," words by Princess Annie de Lusignan, music "by Margueritta," is a simple and singable little song for a soprano voice of limited compass (Messrs. T. C. Turner and Co., Bristol).—Young mothers and nurses will find "A Lullaby," written and composed by Julia Lathey, a very sleep-provoking ditty with which to lull their little ones to rest (C. Jefferys).—"The Farewell Hour," written and composed by Madame Antonia Mora and Oscar Greigo, is a very plaintive love-song for a soprano or a tenor (Messrs. Osborn and Tuckwood).—"From Heaven," words, replete with pathos, by Grace Maberley, music by George Hilton, will find many admirers in spite of the sadness of its theme (William Reeves).—There is spirit and melody in "The Albion March," for the pianoforte, by H. T. Tillyard; it deserves to be scored for a military band (J. J. Poole).—"Tarantella," by W. Dawson, is a very taking pianoforte piece for the drawing-room (W. Dawson, Liverpool).—Very quaint and somewhat grim are the words, by Andrew Lang, of "King Louis Orchard Close" ("La Ballade des Pendus"), the music, by T. S. Wotton, is well suited to the words (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Dreamy and pathetic are the words and music of "The Shadow and the Song," written and composed by Clarence Walker and Lord Henry Somerset (Messrs. B. Hollis and Co.).—An artistic garland of wild roses attracts attention to the "Flora Waltz," by Alfred Parker; it is tuneful, and prettily written, and all the more creditable as being the first work of a youthful composer (Alfred Phillips).—"Sunset Waltz," by Isobel Barclay, is a very fair specimen of its school (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).

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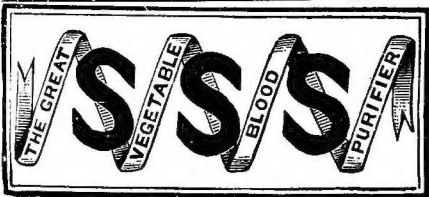
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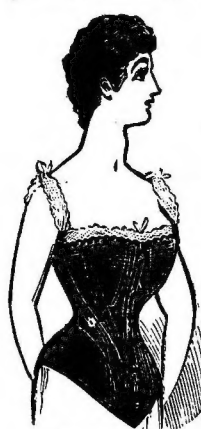
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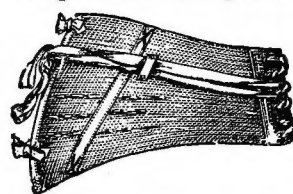
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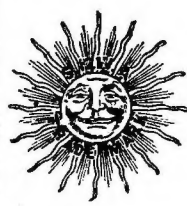
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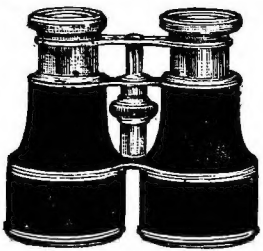


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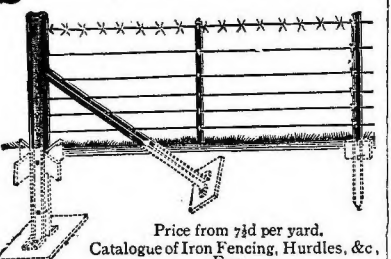
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